

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

MYSTERY---THRILLS---ACTION

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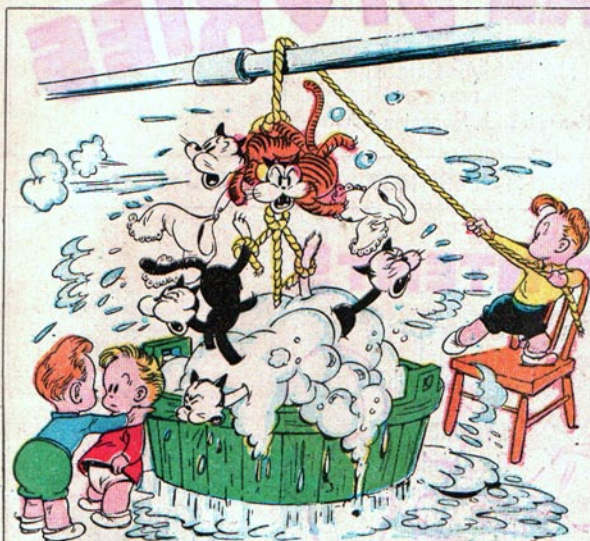
"PUT AWAY THAT
BEAN SHOOTER-
YA TICKLIN' ME!"



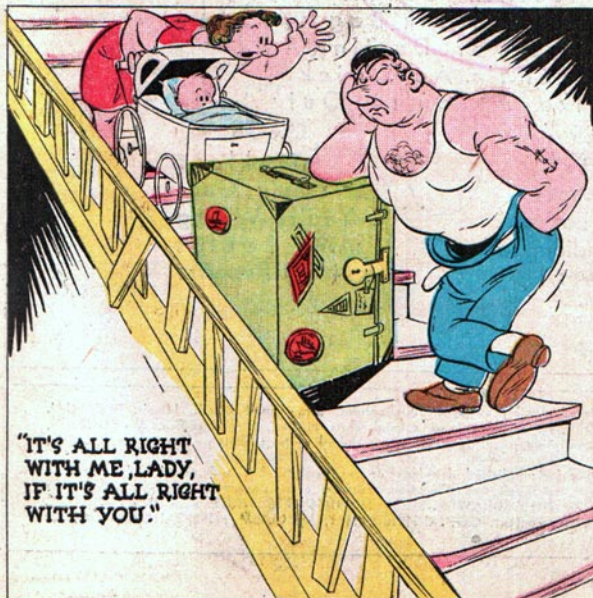


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TICKLERS



"HE'S GOT SOME EDISON IN HIM - LAS' WEEK IT WUZ A TOOTH BRUSH; NOW IT'S A WASHING MACHINE."



"IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, LADY, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU."

NIX on Parties... I'M THROUGH!



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FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

HARRY "A" CHESLER
Editor
Kenneth Fitch, Managing Editor

Vol. 2, No. 2

OCTOBER, 1937

10 Cents

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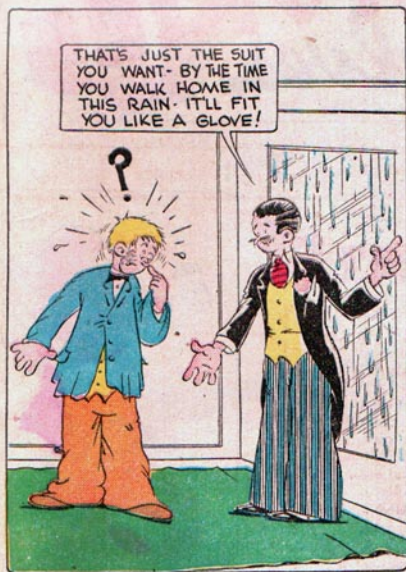
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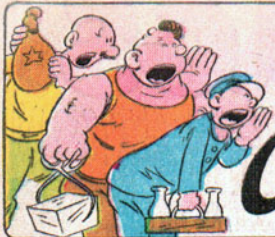
Our Nosey Reporter

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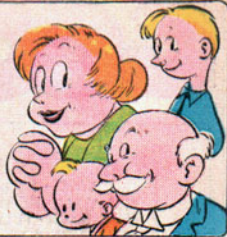
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GOOFY GAGS





Between Ourselves



SO! WE'RE BACK TO WORK!

Reading an "Riting, an "Rithmetic
All to the tune of a hickory stick. . .

Yep! . . . The good old summer time is over, and ready to be shelved along with all the other summers from the beginning of TIME. All our friends are back in school again, and that is how it should be. You know, all WORK and no PLAY makes Jack a dull boy, but it works just as well the other way 'round. After spending a couple of very pleasant months swimmin', fishin', and having a lot of fun, you're all ready to settle down to the business of getting educated so you can become GREAT men and women when you grow up. You might even become PRESIDENT one of these days! Yep, that includes the girls, too. It wouldn't surprise us at all if we had a LADY PRESIDENT of these GREAT UNITED STATES in the near future!

But don't forget this; the thing to do after spending a day at school is to relax with a BIG issue of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES. Every page of this comic magazine is planned especially to give you THRILLS, and plenty of LAUGHS, as a sort of recreation from your routine schoolwork.

In fact, we have a little school of our own. . . . Every morning we line up all of our COMIC CHARACTERS and give them a new lesson in how to please all of our FRIENDS like yourself. We teach them to be full of PEP and ZIP, so they can go through all our FAST ACTION and ADVENTURE stories just the way you like them to. That's why every issue of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES is so EXCITING and THRILLING from cover to cover!

Of course, FUNNY PICTURE STORIES only appears on the newsstands once a month, and you certainly will have read every page of it a couple of times over before the next issue comes out. So . . . we suggest that you get a copy of FUNNY PAGES, this magazine's companion, when you finish reading this issue. . . . You'll get a MILLION LAUGHS out of it. That's just what you need for recreation—plenty of LAUGHS. And if you have enough energy left for more laughs after reading it, glance through a copy of STAR COMICS; our other BIG COMIC magazine. It is just FILLED with FUNNY GAGS, STORIES, and FEATURES. But for plenty of THRILLS and EXCITEMENT, get the latest issue of STAR RANGER, our CARTOON magazine of the old WEST. It's chock full of RIDIN', ROPIN', and SHOOTIN' stories which will keep you sitting on the edge of your chair from beginning to END. Everyone of our magazines are brilliantly COLORED from cover to COVER!

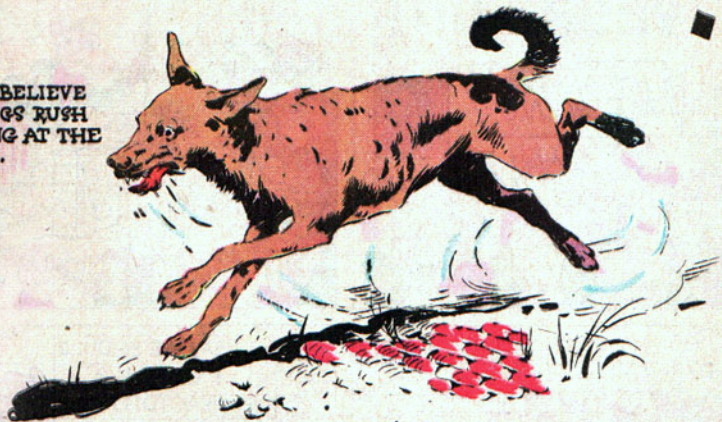
Time passes so quickly. . . . Here we are at the bottom of our editorial page already. . . . If we didn't know that you're anxious to start reading this copy of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, we would just keep on writing here. Believe us, friends, we ENJOY writing this CHUMMY little editorial to you each month. Oh, well, we'll be back with you again in the next issue, so . . .

Toodle-oo, and enjoy yourself!



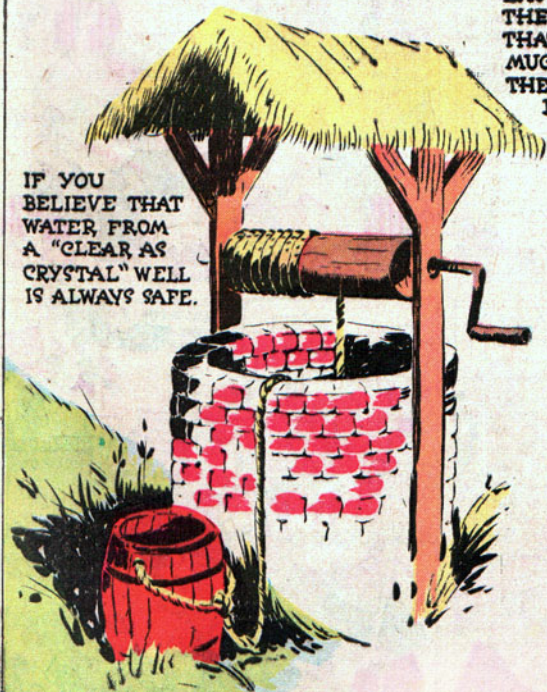
YOU'RE WRONG!

IF YOU BELIEVE
MAD DOGS RUSH
FOAMING AT THE
MOUTH.



IT IS GENERALLY ONLY IN THE
LAST STAGES OF RABIES, WHEN
THE ANIMAL IS SO PARALYZED
THAT IT CAN HARDLY STAND,
MUCH LESS RUSH ABOUT, THAT
THE JAW DROPS AND SALIVA
DROOLS FROM THE MOUTH.

IF YOU
BELIEVE THAT
WATER FROM
A "CLEAR AS
CRYSTAL" WELL
IS ALWAYS SAFE.



SOME WATER MAY BE SLIGHTLY
DISCOLORED AND YET BE
FREE FROM DISEASE GERMS,
WHILE OTHER WATER FROM
A "CLEAR AS CRYSTAL" WELL
BADLY POLLUTED BY MATTER
IN SOLUTION.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF
BEING SURE OF WATER'S
PURITY. THAT IS TO HAVE IT
TESTED PERIODICALLY BY
CHEMICAL AND BACTERIOLOGICAL
ANALYSIS.

Strike Three YOU'RE OUT!

VOTE
NO

INDIGNATION MEETING

HEAR
"EM"
BARK

AND WOLF HOUND WANTS US
TO BELIEVE THESE ARE BONES.
THEY ARE ONLY BISCUITS!

GROWL

IT'S MISREPRESENTATION!

300

HE CAN'T FOOL US!

SECOND
-17-
GANG

I SAY WE SHOULD
PICKET HIS
FACTORY!

FOLLOW
TH' LEADER
"JOIN THE
PICK
LINE"

ALL THOSE IN
FAVOR OF THE
PICKET LINE
SAY —
"AVE"

YOU ASKED
FOR IT-

AYE LAYE

AYE

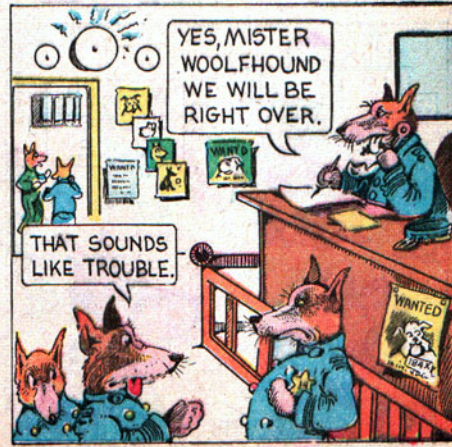
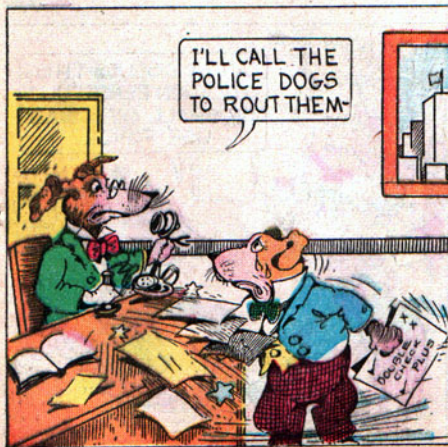
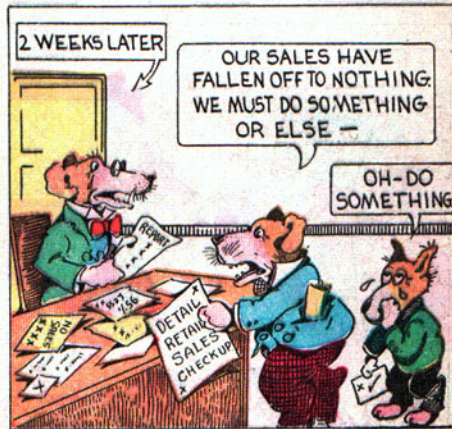
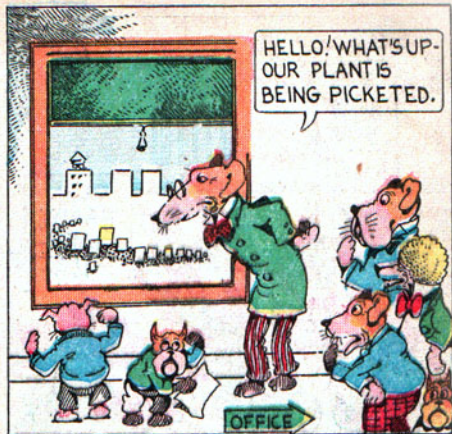
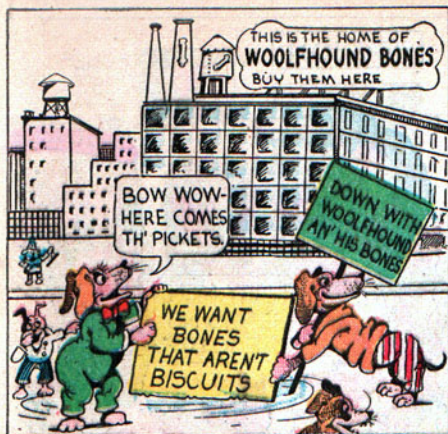


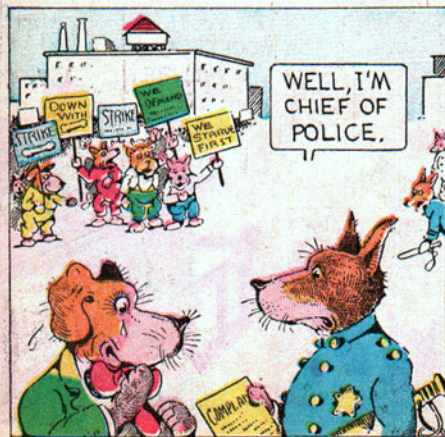
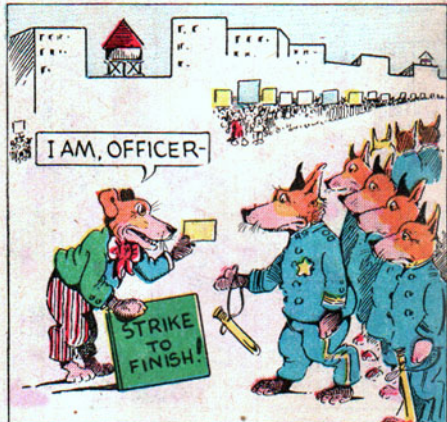
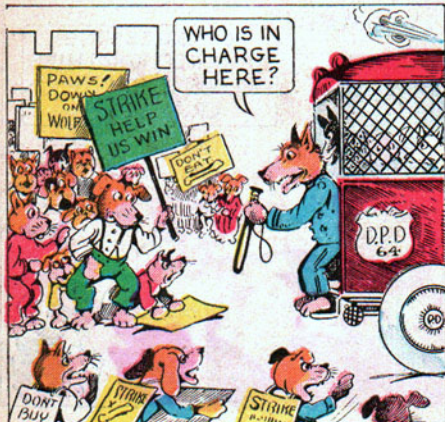
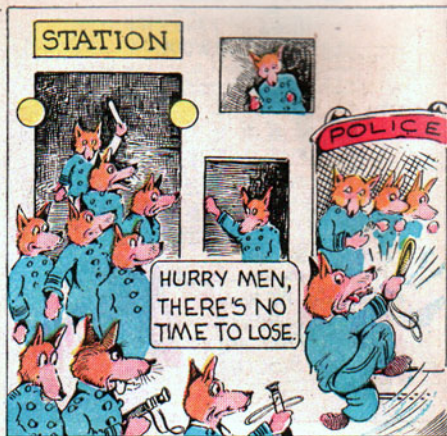
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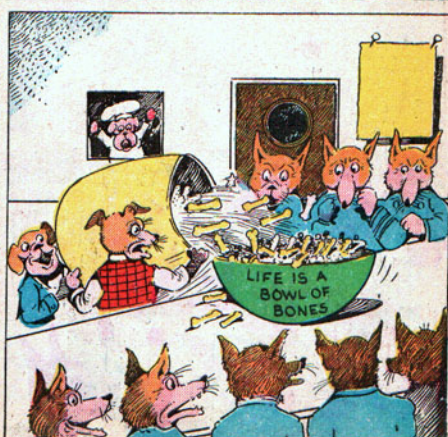
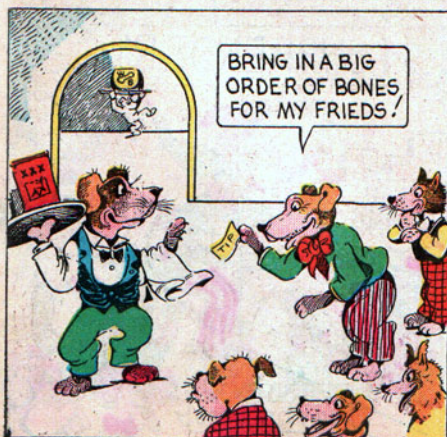
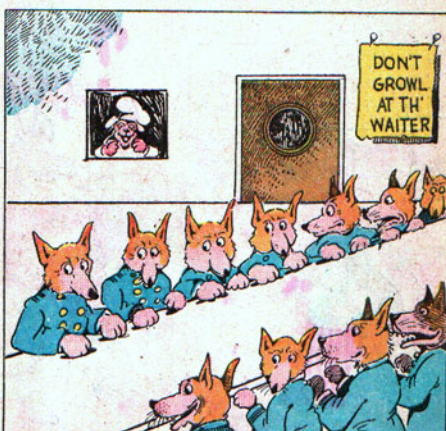
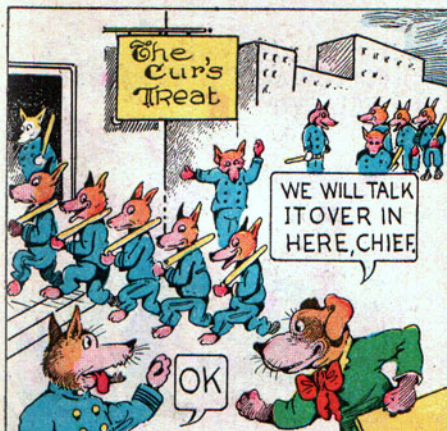
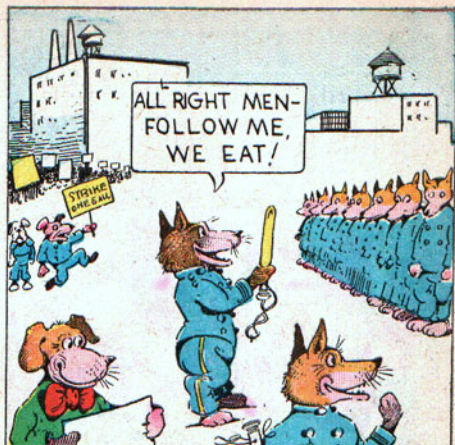
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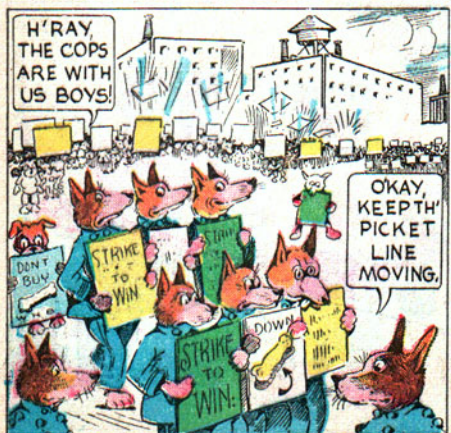
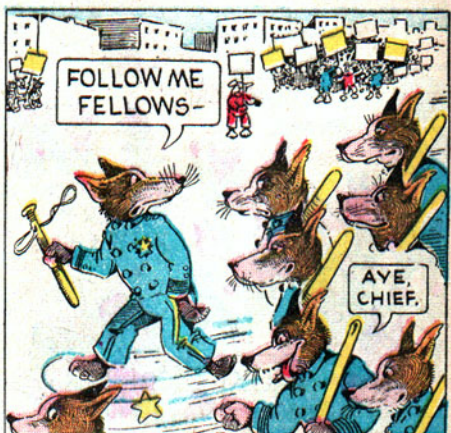
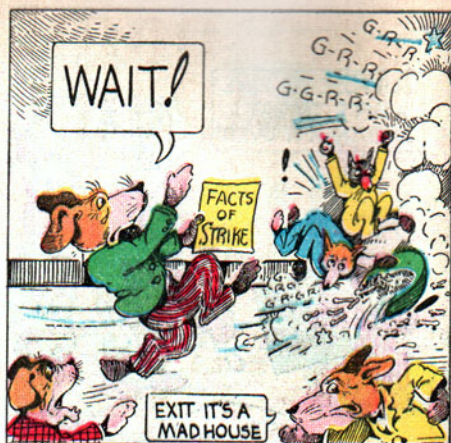
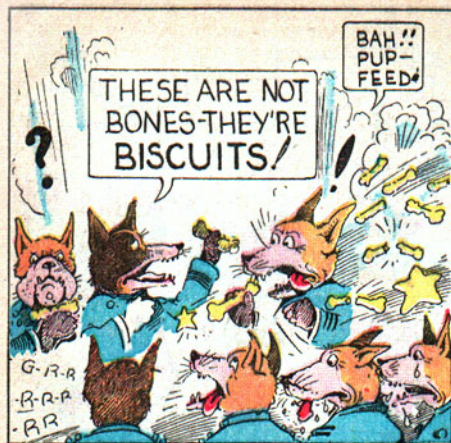
STRIKE!
"AGAINST"
FAKE
BONES

NG.

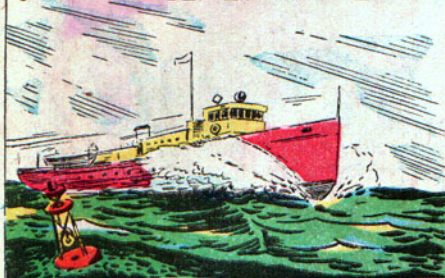






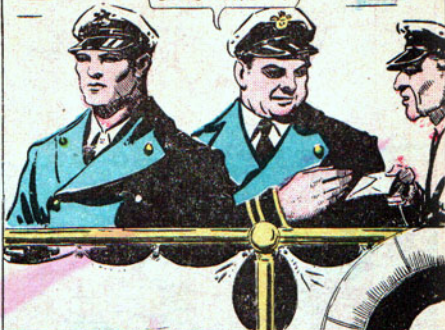


Cutter CARSON



RADIO MESSAGE FROM SHORE STATION, SIR.

LET'S HAVE IT.



THE MESSAGE SAYS TO WARN ALL TUNA FISHING BOATS WITHIN RANGE THAT A HURRICANE IS HEADING THIS WAY. CHANGE OUR COURSE, "CUTTER".

HEAD FOR THE FISHING BANKS!



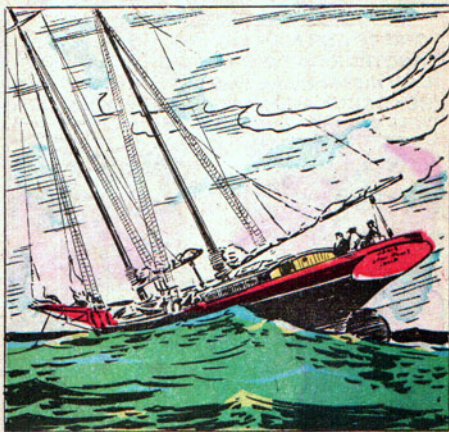
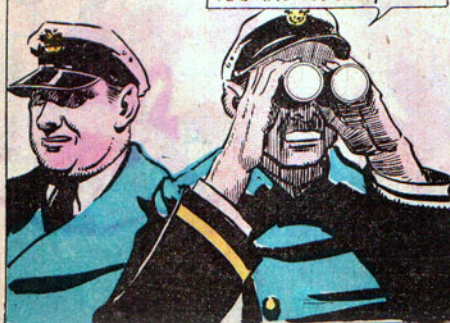
MOST OF THEM ARE FISHING OFF DIEGO POINT, SIR.

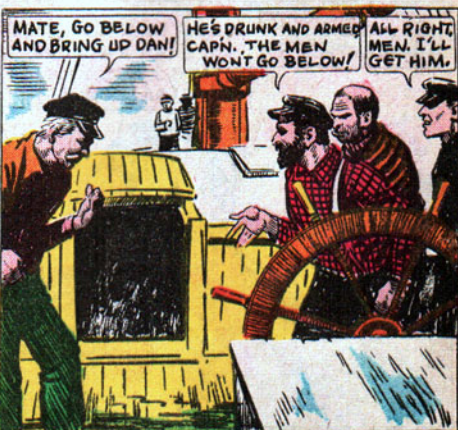
GOOD. WE SHOULD BE PICKING THEM UP IN A SHORT WHILE.

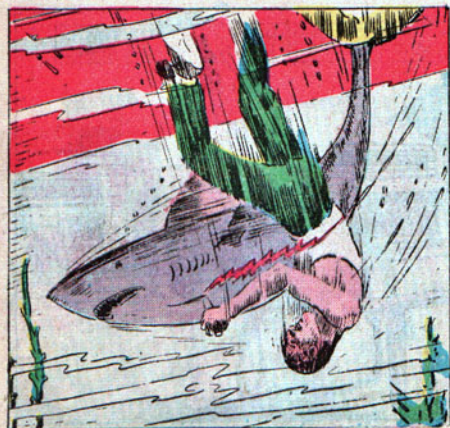
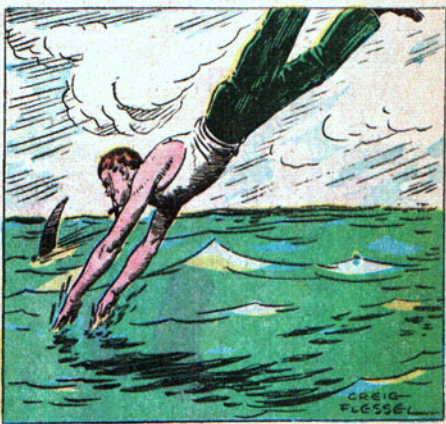
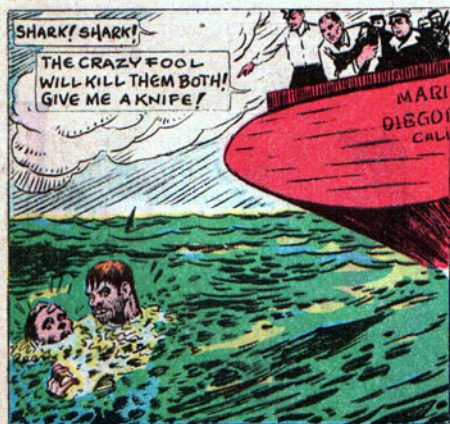
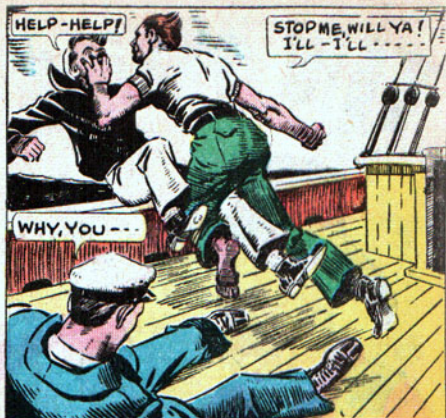


SEE ANY SIGN OF THEM, "CUTTER"?

AYE, SIR. I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT A BOAT IN THESE GLASSES. WILL YOU HAVE A LOOK, SIR.







TIN MULE



RANGE END, THIRTY YEARS AGO, WAS PEACEFUL AND LAW ABIDING, BUT A MENACE RODE INTO IT'S MIDST.

BUT WHY SHOULD I
PAY YOU FER NOTHIN'?

TO KEEP IN BUSINESS,
YUH FOOL. EITHER
YUH PAYS UP OR
YUH'LL BE MIGHTY
SORRY.



YOU COULD HAVE
SAVED MONEY BY
PAYIN' UP BETTER
START NOW OR WE'LL
FINISH THE PLACE.

I'LL PAY. STOP!
STOP!



NOW YOU ARE SHOWIN'
SENSE AND IF YUH TELL
ANYONE, WE'LL COME BACK-

I WON'T TELL!



RANGE END SHORE IS A PEACEFUL TOWN.
NEVER GIVES THE LAW NO TROUBLE AT ALL.



WHAT IN THUNDERATION HAPPENED?
A CYCLONE?



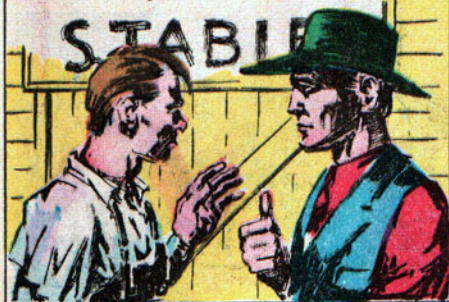
YUH MEANS TU TELL
ME YUH DONE THIS
YOURSELF? LISTEN,
MARTIN, YUH KNOWS
YUH CAN TRUST ME.
TALK!

ITELL YUH I
DID IT MYSELF,
MR. TRENT!



I AINT SCARED O' THE
COYOTES. THEY CAME
HERE, BUT I PULLED
MY HARDWARE ON 'EM.

GUESS I'LL BE
SEEIN' THEM
BUZZARDS.



IF YUH THINKS WE
WRECKED THEM PLACES,
WHY DONT YUH ARREST US?

BECAUSE YUH
GOT EVERYBODY
SCARED. I WON'T
GET ANYBODY
TO SWEAR YOU
DID IT!

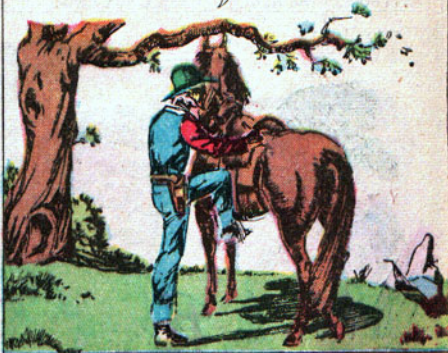


THEN GIT, YUH AINT GOT
NO BUSINESS HERE!

I OUGHT TO LET
YUH HAVE IT,
RANGER. YUH
CANT COME
HERE AND
BLUFF US!



OLE HOSS, THE LAW CANT DO MUCH WITH
BUZZARD, SO WE'LL TRY SOMETHING ELSE.



DID YOU SEE THAT
RANGER'S FACE? AIN'T
A THING HE CAN DO
NOBODY WILL SWEAR
IT WAS US

IF THEY DO,
WE'LL PLUG
ONE OR TWO
OF 'EM



EITHER YUH PAYS OR
YUH'LL BE SORRY
I WANT GOLD TO LET YUH
STAY IN BUSINESS

BUT THAT'S OUR
SCHEME YUH
CAN'T HORN IN.



I'LL BE BACK IN TWO DAYS FER THE
GOLD PAY UP OR YUH'LL GET WORSE.

STOP IT
I'LL PAY
YUH

I ALWAYS AIMS TO PLEASE.
I'LL BE BACK IN TWO DAYS
AND IF YUH TELLS THE
LAW, I'LL DRILL YUH.



IT'S THAT STABLE
OWNER THE MASK
AIN'T FOOLIN' ME NONE.

HE LIVES KINDA FAR
OUT LET'S FILL HIM
FULL O' LEAD.

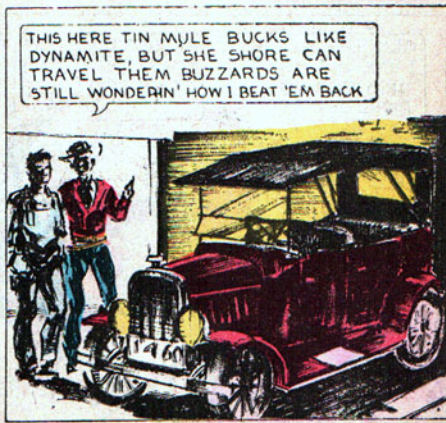
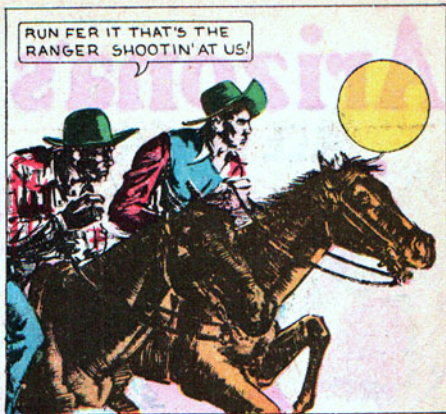


HEARD YUH HAD
A LITTLE TROUBLE.
WANT TO MAKE
A COMPLAINT
TUN THE LAW,
BOYS?

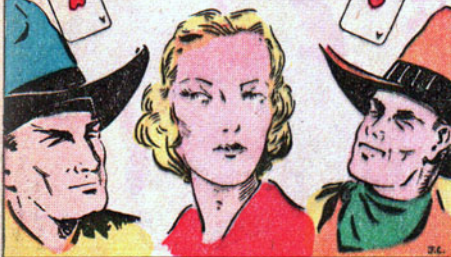
IT WAS REILLY,
THE STABLE
OWNER, WHO-

SHUT UP WE
DON'T KNOW
WHO DID IT,
RANGER,
AND WE AIN'T
COMPLAINING.





Arizona's ACE TRICK



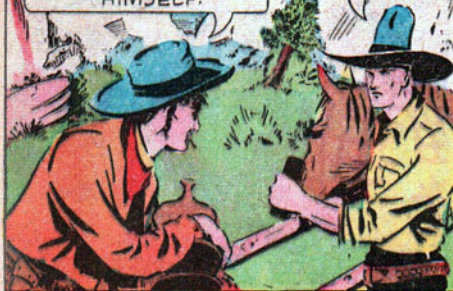
HOW YUH GITTIN'
ON WITH VER
GAL FRIEND,
ARIZONA?

MIGHTY FINE, CHUNKY.
GOT A DATE TO TAKE
MISS MADGE TO THE
MOVIES TONIGHT!



I HEARS THAT SMOOTH
TALKIN' TEX HUNKINS
SEZ HE'S KINDA
SWEET ON MISS MADGE
HIMSELF.

WHUTS THAT?
HE CAIN'T
CUT IN ON MY
GAL!



WAL THIS
GALOOT'S BEEN
AROUND AN' I
HEAR MISS
MADGE KINDA
LIKES HIM.

MEBBE TEX DOES KNOW
A THING OR TWO, BUT
MISS MADGE DON'T
WANT NO PART OF
THE LIKES OF HIM.



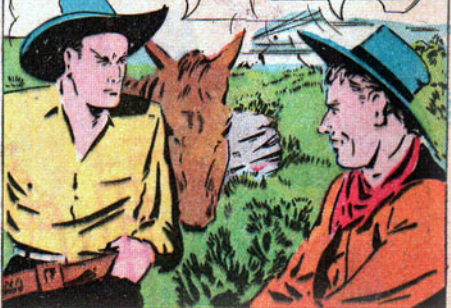
ALL THE SAME
I WOULDN'T WANT
HIM FER NO
RIVAL OF MINE

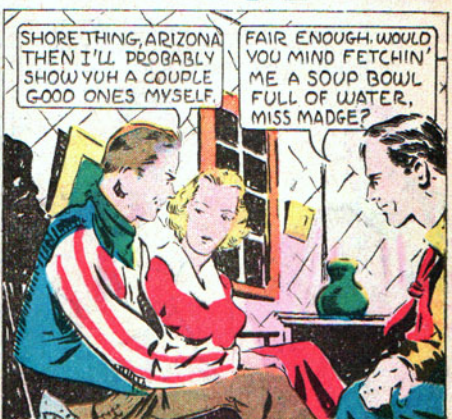
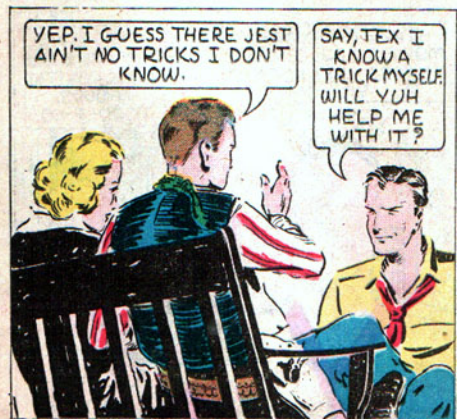
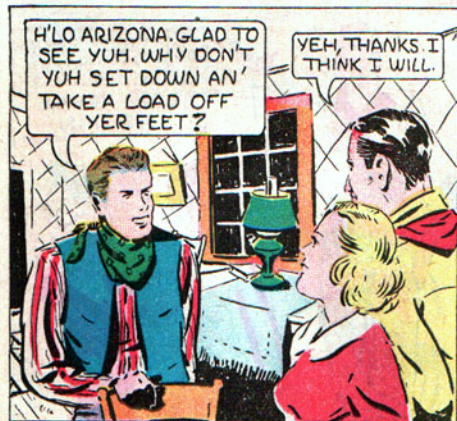
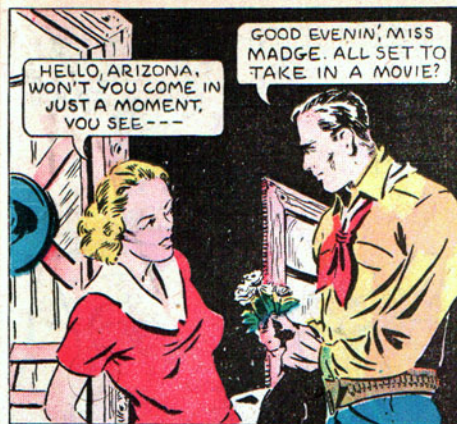
HE DON'T WORRY ME
NONE. THEY DON'T
COME TOO SMART
FOR ARIZONA.

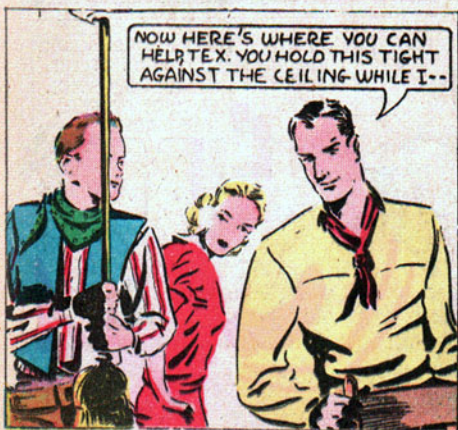
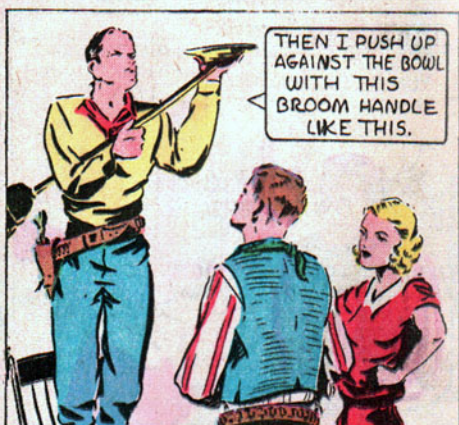


AND WHUT'S MORE, I'M
A-TAKIN' MISS MADGE
OUT TONIGHT, TEX
OR NO TEX!

THAT'S THE TALK,
ARIZONA. I'M
ROOTIN' FOR YUH!





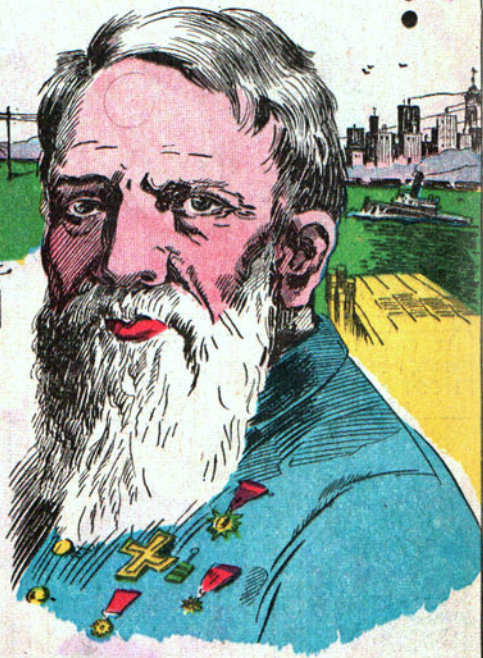


ARE YOU HANDICAPPED?



SAMUEL F.B. MORSE
1791 - 1872

HE WAS BORN IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS. UNTIL HE WAS FORTY-ONE HIS TIME AND ATTENTION WAS GIVEN TO THE ART OF PAINTING. WHILE ON HIS WAY HOME FROM EUROPE, HE WAS INSPIRED WITH THE IDEA OF TELEGRAPHY.



THE POSSIBILITIES OF ELECTRICAL COMMUNICATION SO POSSESSED HIS MIND THAT HE SET ABOUT TO PERFECT AN INSTRUMENT THAT WOULD TRANSMIT MESSAGES ELECTRICALLY. THE WAY WAS LONG AND DIFFICULT. HE FACED POVERTY, EVEN STARVATION, BUT FACED THEM ONLY WITH GREATER DETERMINATION. THE PERFECTION OF THE INSTRUMENT ITSELF WAS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE. MEN WERE SKEPTICAL; THEY WOULD NOT PUT THEIR MONEY INTO THE INVENTION. AND THEN FINALLY, WHEN HE WAS FIFTY THREE, SUCCESS CAME WITH THE SENDING OF THE FAMOUS FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.



FROM WASHINGTON TO BALTIMORE
"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

SAMUEL F.B. MORSE MADE GOOD!

BOOMERANG

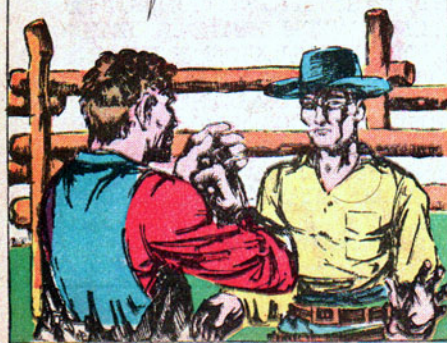


I'LL FIND THAT HERD,
BOSS, DON'T YUH WORRY
I GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE
NEARBY!

HO, YUH'LL DO
WHAT YORE
BETTERS CAN'T
BILLY- THEM
COWS'RE IN
MEXICO!



YUH SKUNK, BILLY, I GOT A MIND
TO BEAT YORE FACE IN!

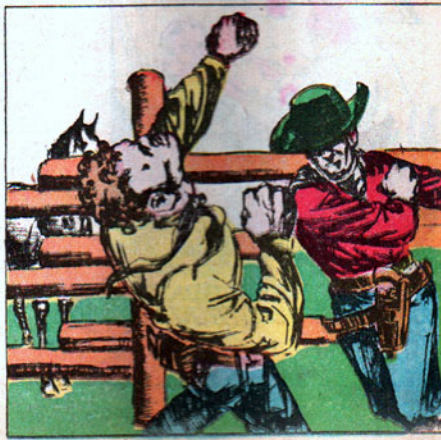
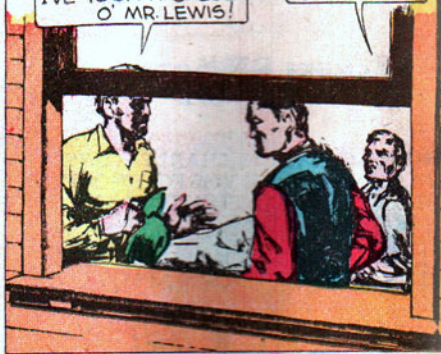


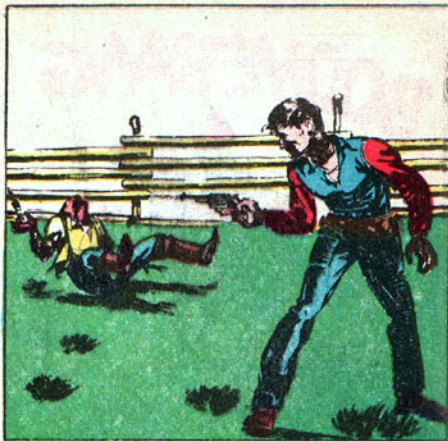
BOYS, IF WE DON'T GIT BACK THEM
STOLEN COWS, I'M RUINT!

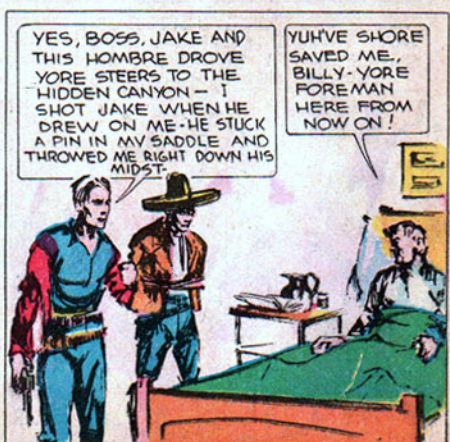
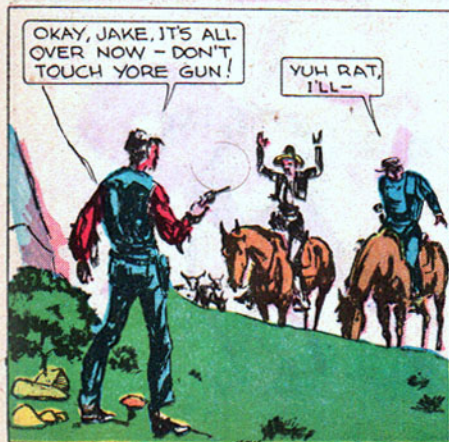
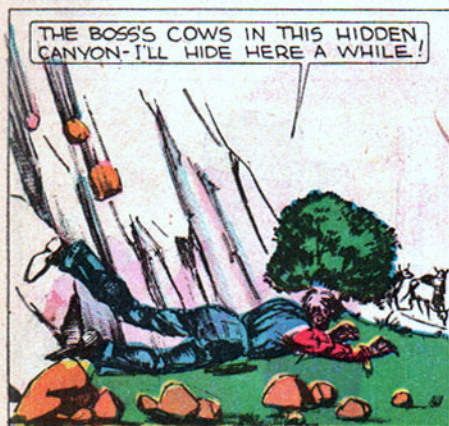


YUH'VE BIN PURTY
TOUGH WITH ME, JAKE-
I'VE TOOK IT 'CAUSE
O' MR LEWIS!

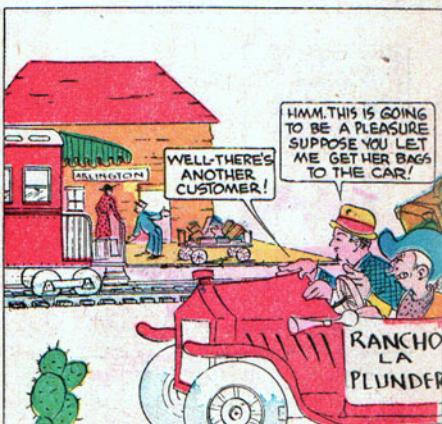
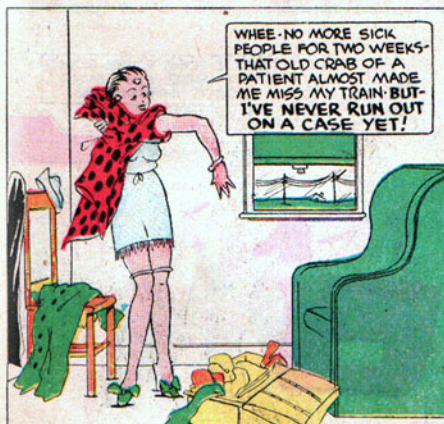
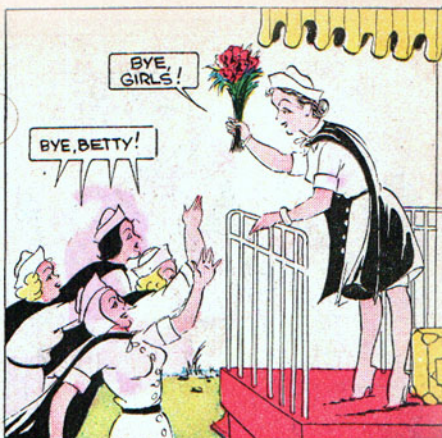
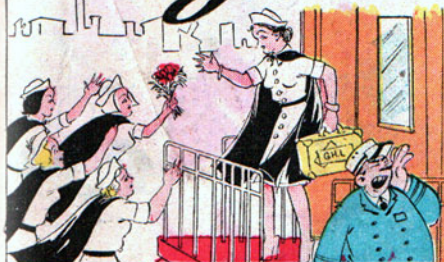
DON'T FIGHT,
BOYS, WHILE
I'M SICK!

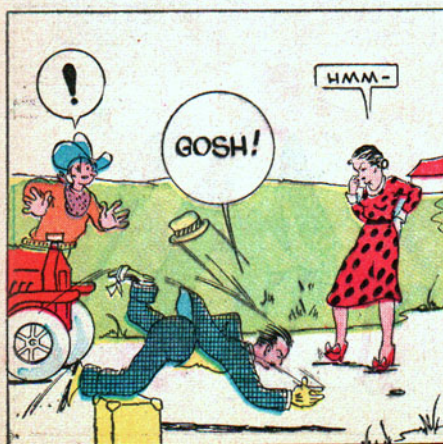
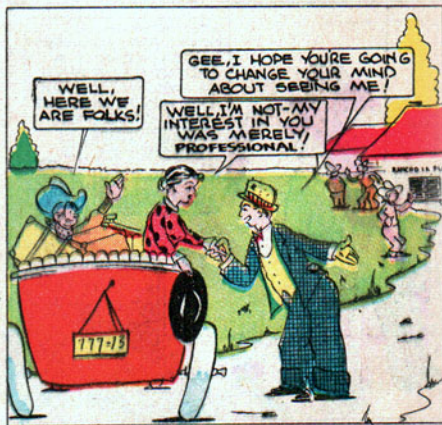
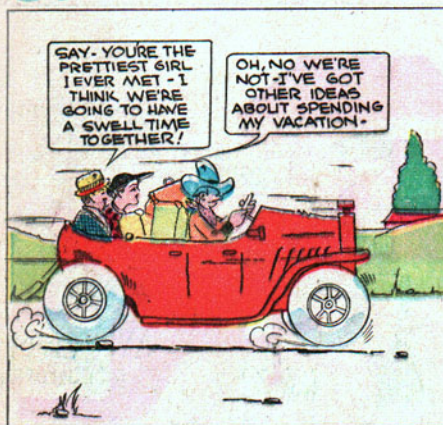
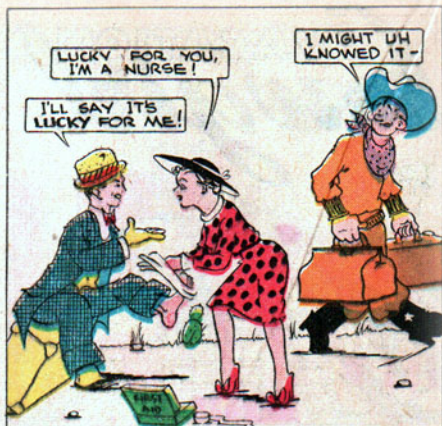


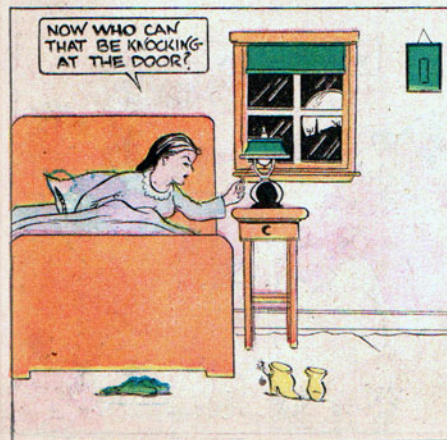
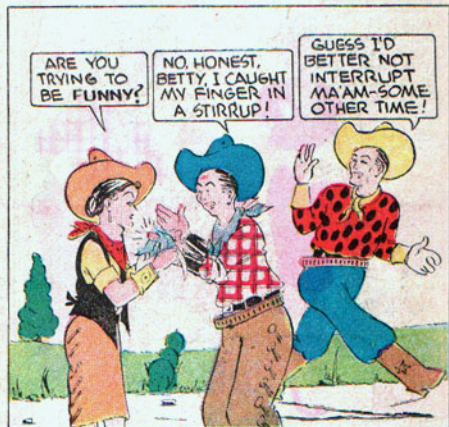
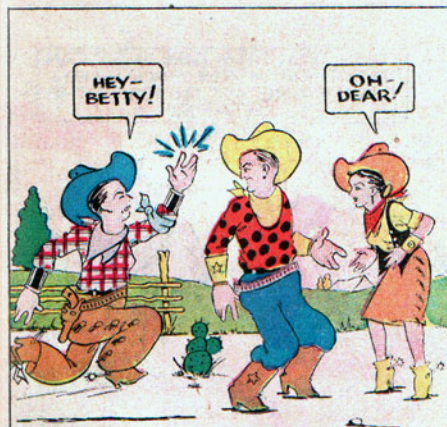
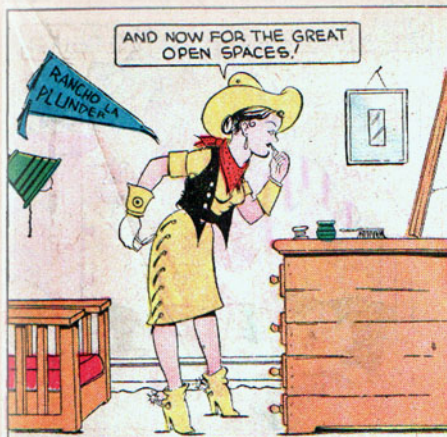


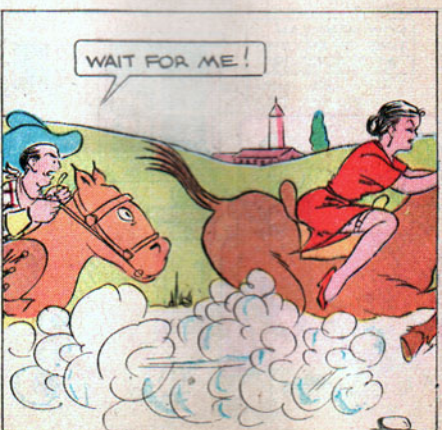
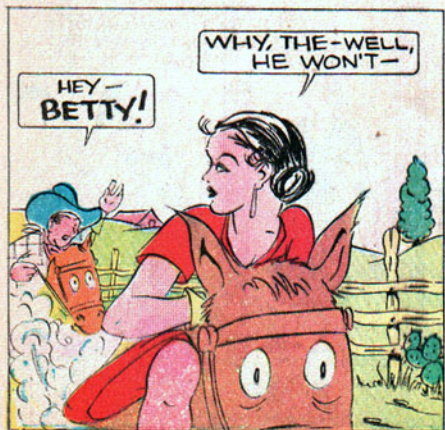
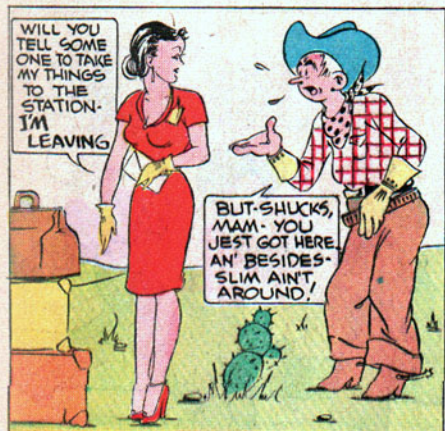


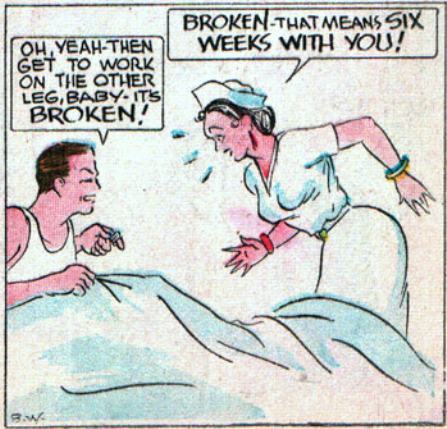
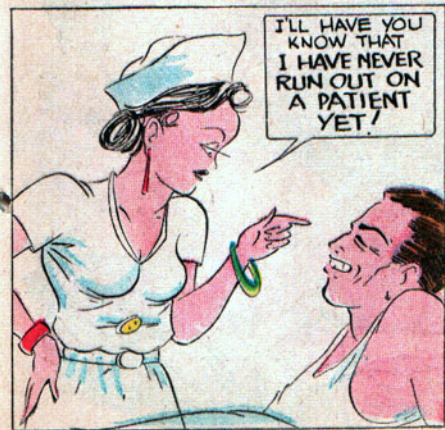
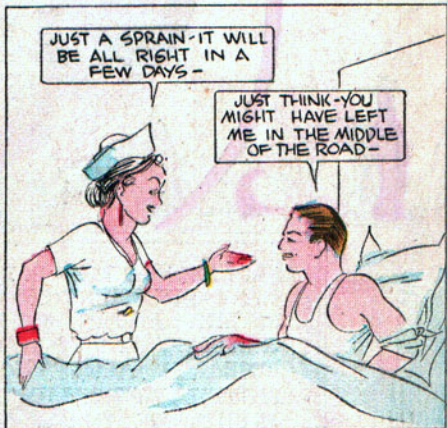
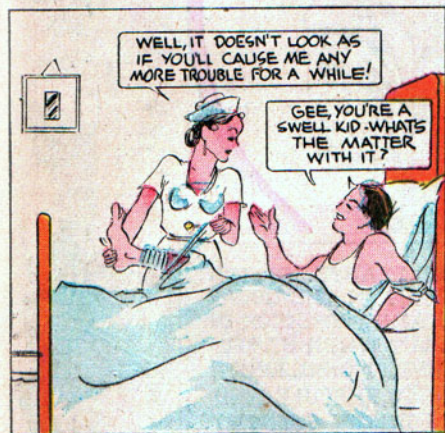
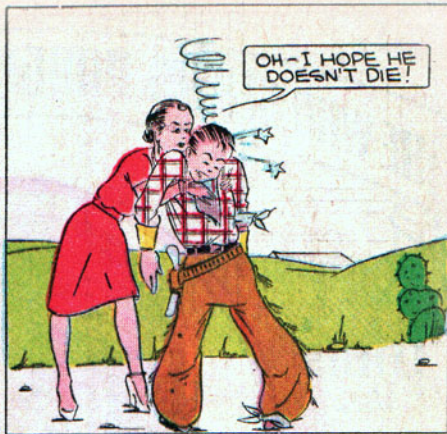
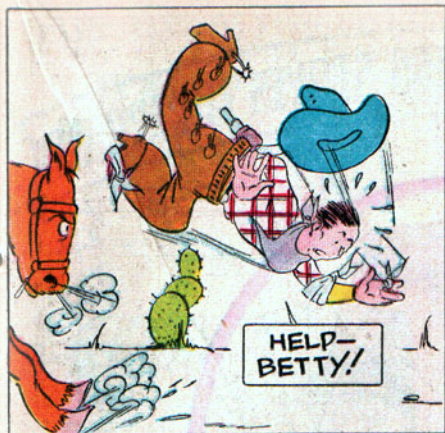
VACATION Cowgirl











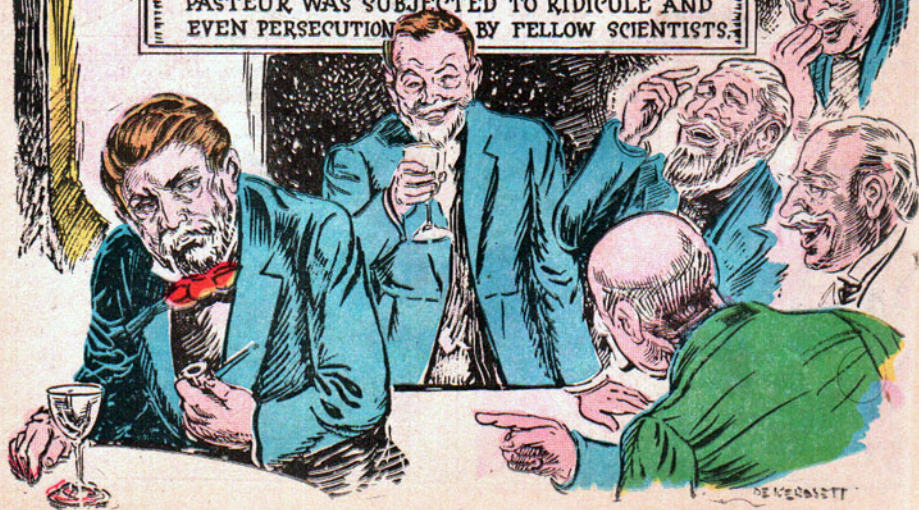
HE WHO SERVES PROGRESS SERVES THE WORLD

LOUIS
1822

PASTEUR
1895

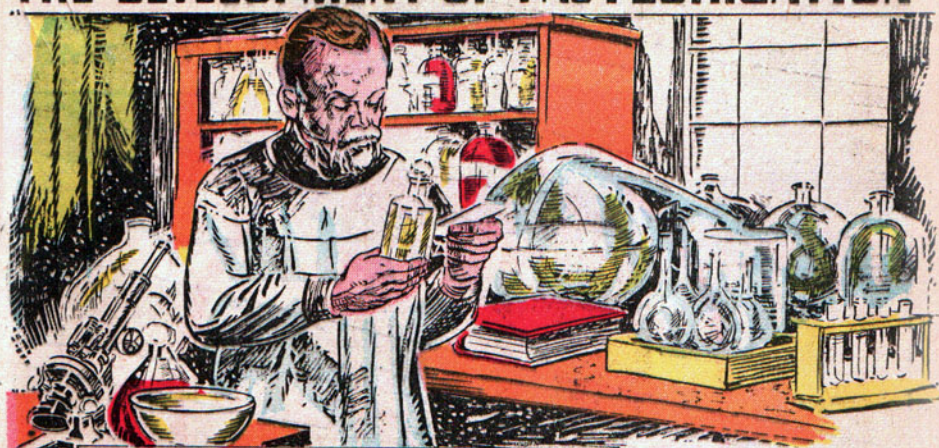


PASTEUR WAS BORN IN DOLE, FRANCE. HE SPENT HIS EARLY SCIENTIFIC YEARS IN THE USUAL MANNER AND IN 1867, BECAME PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT SORBONNE. BUT WHEN HE BEGAN RESEARCH ALONG UNCONVENTIONAL LINES, PASTEUR WAS SUBJECTED TO RIDICULE AND EVEN PERSECUTION BY FELLOW SCIENTISTS.

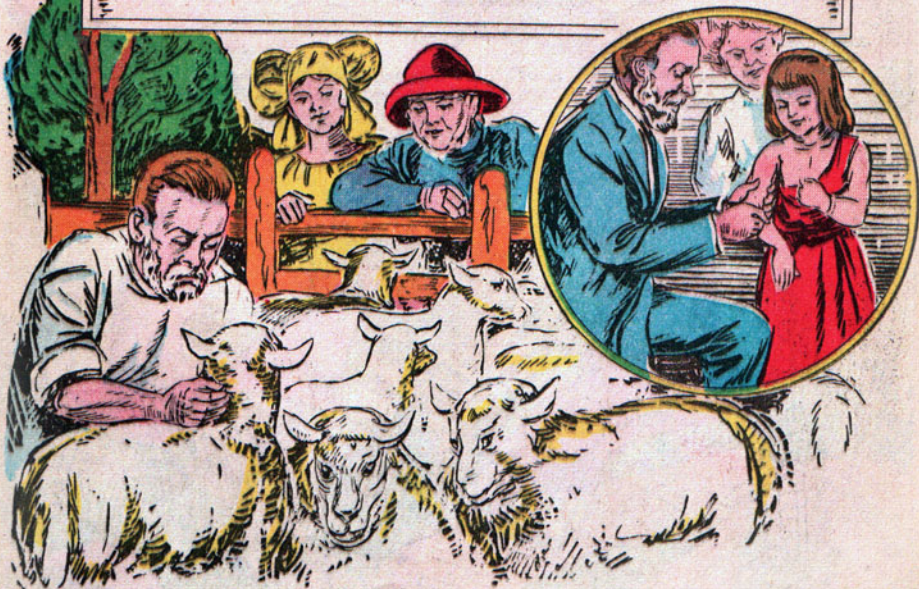


DE KROST

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PASTEURIZATION



HIS EXPERIMENT IN COMBATting CHOLERA AND ANTHRAX WERE FINALLY SUCCESSFUL. LATER HE CONQUERED THE DREADED HYDROPHOBIA. SINCE THEN VACCINATION HAS GROWN TO BE ONE OF THE PRIMARY REQUISITES OF LIVING IN CIVILIZED COMMUNITIES. TODAY PASTEUR IS REGARDED AS THE FATHER OF BACTERIOLOGY.



- DINNER
ON THE AIR

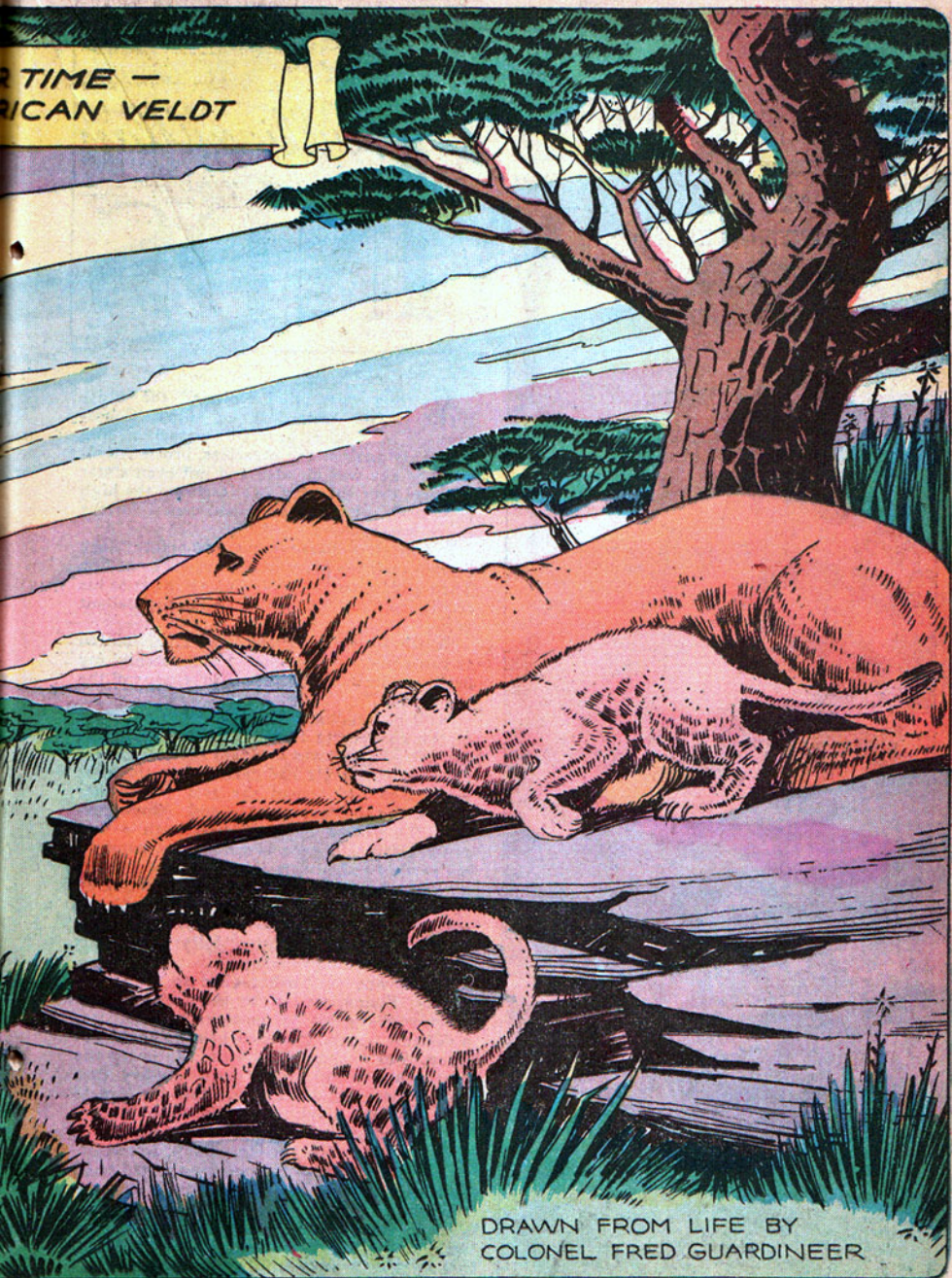


— DINNER TIME —
ON THE AFRICAN VELD



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
COLONEL FRED GUARDINEER

TIME —
AFRICAN VELDT



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
COLONEL FRED GUARDINEER

HIGH

BY

Alan William Alan

ILLUSTRATED BY

R. Astarita

WINDS



A strong west wind whipped the white sheets of the square-rigged ship, "Courageous," sent the graceful vessel nosing staunchly against the ceaseless, broad Atlantic. The sky was clouded and not even a star gleamed over the inky swells. From the high poop deck the first mate piped orders for the night watch.

In the few hasty moments before Jack Stamm took his place in the crow's nest, Bob Turner, with two years before the mast to his credit, spoke to his partner in the top gallant crew.

"With Burns dead and Yardley appointed to third mate in his place, I'm scratchin' my head wonderin' who'll be takin' charge o' the top gallant."

"It'll be you," said Stamm. "You get most of the chances to turn a neat job afore the cap'n." There was evident bitterness in Stamm's voice. He had been before the mast when Bob had joined the service. Turner looked at the other quickly and Stamm covered the venom of his words with a wry smile. Bob slapped a broad tanned hand on his partner's shoulder.

"Come out of it, lad," he said, "and get up to your watch. There may be chance a-plenty tonight for you to show your wares. It is dark on the ocean and the 'Jolly Roger' has a keen eye in this weather."

There was no further time to argue the matter. Stamm started for the deck and Bob Turner swung his hammock to turn in after a difficult watch. But somehow he could not sleep. For an hour he tossed. He heard the mutterings of the other men devolve into heavy snores, and there was left for him to hear only the creaking of the ship's timbers as she battered her way against the waves.

Nor could he forget the parting words between him and Jack Stamm. Stamm had tried to make light of his own attitude, but the thought had been spontaneous and whether Jack Stamm knew it or not, that was exactly what he had meant to say. It bothered Bob not a little.

It grew stuffy, too, below the decks, uncomfortable. Bob rose to his elbow, looked about him in the darkness. All the rest were sleeping and to break the monotony of their heavy breathing there was only the slap of the sea against the ship. Bob got stealthily from his hammock, stole noiselessly to the forward deck. Outside salt spray struck his face and he drew the fresh air deep into his lungs.

A fairly heavy sea was running and he made his way cautiously in the shadow blacker than the night, beneath the straining foreyard, to the side of the ship.

Piercing his eyes through the darkness, he saw a black object across the waves. It carried no lights, yet Bob knew it was a ship. He waited, expecting to hear a warning from Jack high above him. No word came. The object grew clearer until Bob could detect the swaying motion as it quartered into the sea's trough. Without waiting, he caught the rigging, swung to the rope ladder and climbed upward.

"Jack!" he called. "A ship off the stern on the port side! Give warning..."

Above Bob could hear the muttered exclamation of surprise escape Stamm's lips. Bob called again...

"No! I'll report personally... They're too close... They may hear you!"

Turner did not hesitate, but descended to the deck, went sternward to the captain's cabin, pounded on the door.

"Who's there!" The captain's voice sounded a bit drowsy.

"Seaman Turner, Sir! A ship to the stern port!"

The captain growled an oath and then he said, "Report to Mr. Yardley and wait for orders."

Bob delivered the message with a high heart. Doubtless the ship had been warned just in time and he took pride in the fact that he had been the instrument of delivering the word. The command of all hands on deck spread rapidly and Bob took his place beside the others as they watched the now plain outlines of the black ship swooping down upon them.

"Keep out of sight until they are along side," came the word to the nervous ears waiting in the darkness. "Then give 'em a broadside."

The ship moved gracefully beside the "Courageous" and a rope was thrown into her rigging.

"Fire!"

The command carried through the night and flints were struck. A terrific boom of cannon and the crash of splintered wood rent all other sounds into oblivion. There was a fierce guttural cry from the enemy ship as they swarmed over the sides, bright knives and cutlasses flashing. Pistols barked and snapped. Men fought hand to hand on a blood-strewn deck.



Bob sprang into the fray, wrenched a knife from the hands of one of the pirates, slashed madly out before him, moving more against the shadows than against any definite outline of human being, fighting blindly and bravely.

Suddenly he noticed that the stern of the pirate ship had been lashed to the stern of the "Courageous." He left the fighting, sprang forward and ran toward the poop deck. The captain, beside the boatswain, was shouting orders. Swarthy men whose faces shone blacker in the night clambered over the sides of the ship. Bob sprang at them, lashing out ferociously, punching, kicking, weaving his body. Then heavy arms grabbed at his throat and he went down. But the men had the ship under control now and they swarmed back to the rescue of the captain, and incidentally, Bob Turner.

When it was over Bob's arm was badly cut and he went forward where the ship's doctor was bandaging the wounded. As he reached the forward deck Jack Stamm was springing down from the ladder and Bob noticed that his clothes were not wrinkled. Bob turned away, not wanting to speak to him, for he felt a certain shame for the partner who had been too cowardly to fight. Jack Stamm evidently had other things than Bob on his mind, too, for he went immediately toward the stern of the ship.

It was not until the following morning that Bob felt the full sting of the results of his actions of the night before. He was called to the captain's cabin and he went sternward with a song in his heart. He knocked and entered at the captain's command. Inside the door he stood erect, saluted.

Captain Halford was a big man, hard of muscle and broad of shoulder, with gray eyes somewhat darker than the gray at his temples. He had a firm mouth, that drooped at the corners with a tinge of severity. Yet, all in all, he gave the appearance of being a just man.

"It has been reported, Sir, that you were out of your quarters last night."

Bob's head spun about him, for the shock of the captain's criticism, coming unexpectedly in place of some praise and recognition for his services, caught him completely off guard.

"But, Sir . . ."

The sharp eyes of the captain snapped coldly. "I said I have a report that you were out of your quarters. Is it true?"

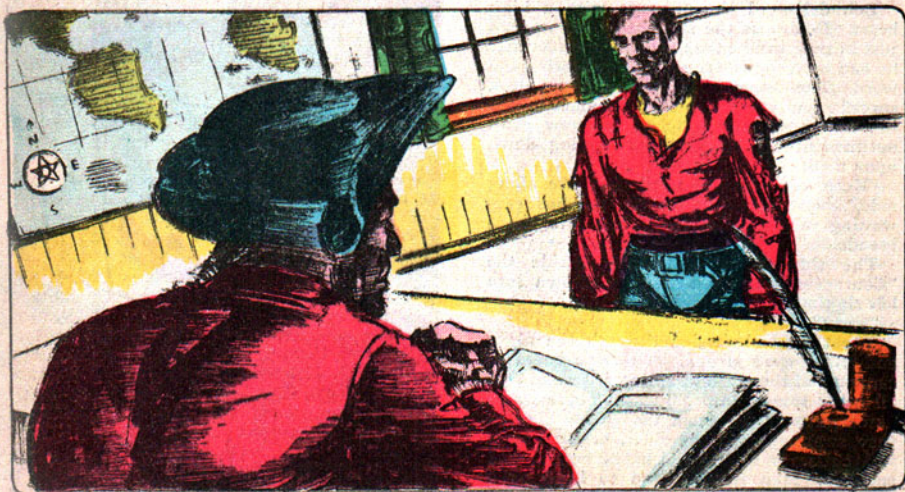
"Yes, Sir," said Bob. His jaw tightened as he realized that no one but Jack Stamm would have been likely to report him.

"You know, of course, that it is against the rules of the ship?" Captain Halford did not wait for an answer, but continued, "And when the warning was given from the lookout you ran to me with the message, hoping to atone for being found on deck by giving the impression that you were the one to sight the attacking vessel."

"But I did, Sir . . ." Bob's blood was boiling and his defiant tone did not escape Halford's notice.

"Enough!" The captain said curtly. "You will report under the command of Mr. Stamm for orders concerning the work of the fore top gallant crew. He is now in charge of those duties."

Bob held his breath, knowing that to say more would only injure his otherwise good standing. He saluted again. The captain





turned away, then added as an afterthought, "Your work last night in the fighting was commendable. Otherwise punishment would now be meted out to you."

"Thank you, Sir," Bob said. He turned quickly when released, so that the captain would not see the blur of rage before his eyes.

When he reached the forward deck, Stamm was alone standing under the foremast, the forward crew being busy with the routine of swabbing the decks. Bob went up to him, his eyes blazing.

"After getting you out of a hole last night, Jack, the best you can do is report me!" His words were heated, carrying a mixture of anger and regret.

Stamm's cheek bones reddened and he avoided Bob's eyes.

"You will call me 'Mr. Stamm' from now on, Turner," he answered. "No doubt the captain has told you that I am in command of the fore top gallant."

Bob drew his eyes from the other's face and without further words went to the crew and began to work viciously. From then on Jack Stamm began to feel overbearingly the glory of his promotion. His orders were always curt and soon the men began to talk among themselves about him. As time went on he seemed to try to cover the fact of his ungallant action against his former crew partner by remaining aloof from Bob and giving him duties noticeably harder than those of the rest of the men. If the crew found it necessary to reef in the top gallant, Bob always found himself assigned to the outward end of the yard arm, where the wind swept dangerous currents and the blow against the sail was not always sure. A sharp outward gust toward the sea might take him into the waves below. But Bob knew his job, however, and made certain to be careful.

They had been twenty days in the north Atlantic when the barometer began to drop and the sea to swell. Up to this time the winds had been shifting but the weather clear. Except for the affair with the pirate ship, the trip had been comparatively easy.

Already they were nearing the Azores on their way to the Mediterranean to join Preble's fleet against Tripoli. But now a storm was making up, which, from all indications, promised to be a heavy one.

Orders came to reef in the mizzen and main sails. The fore, jib and topsails were flung fully to the wind, in the hope that they might ride through as much of the journey as possible before the storm broke. They had little time to ride, however, before the full fury of the wind began to make itself felt. The waves increased in size and the bow of the "Courageous" nosed into mountainous seas, struggling to the surface with an additional weight of tons of cold green water, which washed back across the deck and smashed against the

forecastle. Hardly had the wash from one wave rumbled across the decks before another caught the vessel amidship and battered over her rails.

Three men were now at the wheel and having a hard time to keep from foundering. The excess canvas dove the nose deep and every moment there seemed to be little hope to keep from rolling into the trough of the sea. Hatches were tightly fastened, yet should a single hatch give way under the terrific bombardment of angry ocean, the hold would soon fill and the ship would be lost.

The crews united and finally worked down the foresail and the topsails of the main and mizzen masts before the heavy winds began to load rain and sleet down in torrents. There remained now only the fore top gallant to remove, to make the ship reasonably able to ride out the storm.

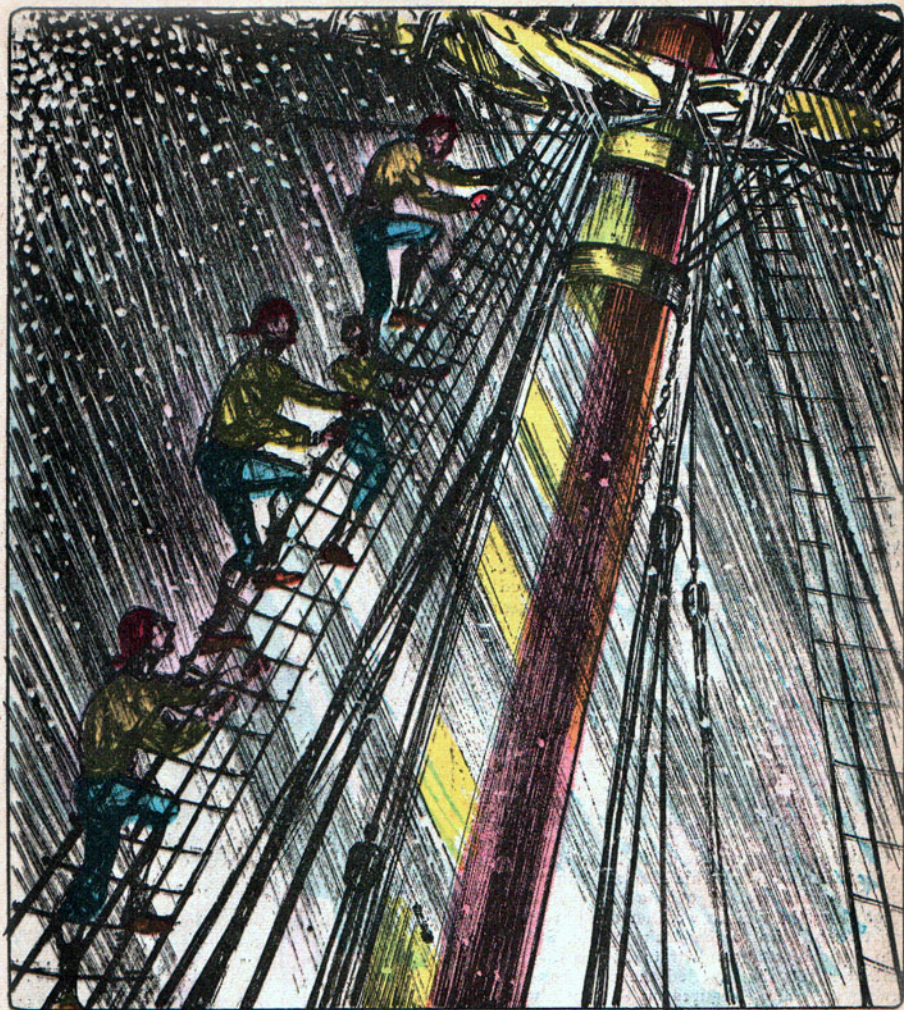


Then suddenly, even through the roar of the storm came the horrified cry that one of the cannons had broken its stays and was rolling haphazardly across the decks.

Captain Halford, clinging desperately to the life line, made his way slowly forward, ordering the crew to the madly rolling ton of cast iron that bade well to wreck the ship. Men dropped away from the fore deck, clinging desperately to the life lines. Axes in hand they tried to hack away part of the rail, hoping that the cannon might roll out into the sea.

In the meantime the top gallant on the foremast was swinging about as the three men at the wheel found it impossible to hold the ship. The captain piped a desperate order to the howling wind.

"Fore top gallant crew aloft!" he shouted. Bob heard the command and looked hastily around for Jack Stamm. When he couldn't see him anywhere, he made way slowly toward quarters. Below he found Stamm writhing in pain and holding a bloody hand.



"We're ordered aloft!" Bob shouted.

Jack winced. "I'm hurt, Bob," he said. "Look. Caught in the rigging!" His hand hung limply, the fingers badly jammed, bleeding. Without waiting Bob rushed to the deck. He went at once to the captain who stood, holding to the cat walk at the ship's side, waist deep in rushing water. His loudest voice was but a whisper in the captain's ear.

"Stamm is hurt, Sir! Shall I take charge of the top gallant?"

The captain hesitated but a moment, then tightened his lips. The rest of the top gallant crew were making their way toward them in labored, cautious, strides.

"Follow me," Halford ordered. He began to climb up the icy ropes. Bob followed numbly conscious that the responsibility of taking charge of the crew had been denied him. The other men came after. They were all able bodied seamen, but none of the crew had shown any evidence of being able to take command of a critical situation. Step by step they made their way up the sleet-and-wind-whipped ropes, knowing that one slip would send them to a cold uncharted grave. Only once did Bob look below him. The decks were still awash and the crew at the cannon seemed to be weaving a dizzy pattern after the iron. Yet it seemed to him that somehow by united

effort they had got the thing under a semblance of control.

Far out on the yard arm the captain went, Bob following, with the wind and sleet so fierce that they could scarcely hold their places on the cable support beneath them. Whipping his body over the yard arm, the captain began working at the ropes.

There was a lapse of a few seconds, when the wind seemed to be taking another breath. Halford, trying to take advantage of the lessened tautness, slipped his arm beneath the hitch, tried to loosen the lashings. As if waiting to spring a trap, the wind caught the sail, bound the captain's arm to the yard, threw him from the cable and held him swinging in the air, writhing in pain. Should the wind let up for a second, Halford would go crashing below. If the blow should continue, the arm gradually would be cut off by the terrific pressure of the wind against the canvas.

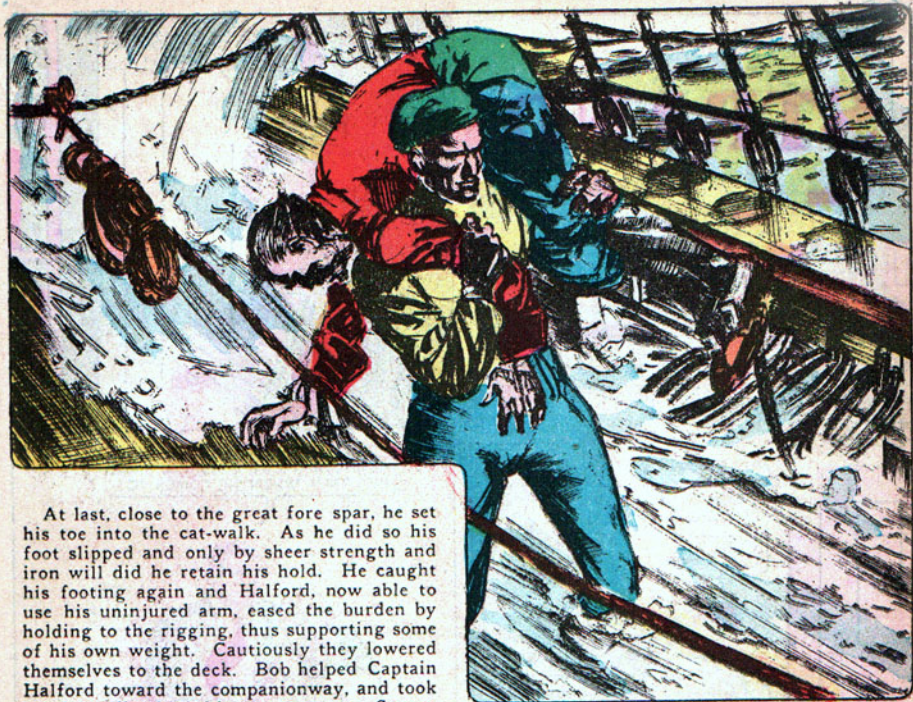
In a moment, too, the crew would have the ropes loosened. Bob surveyed the situation with bated breath. Having kept with him the knife he had taken from the pirate during the fight, he drew it from his jacket. Face down against the storm, he clung to the mast while the rain beat about him. Grasping the captain under the shoulder, he held tightly to the spar, worked the knife from his fingers and pried gradually against the strands of the rope. Little by little cut into the hemp.

Under the strain of the wind against the canvas, the lashing snapped suddenly, almost spilling Bob out into the sea, as the Captain's arm sprang free. Halford's groans could be heard only as a compliment to the shriek of the wind. The ship dove and rocked with the unmerciful buffeting of the storm, Bob hoisted the captain on his stomach across the top of the yard arm, wrapped his own arms about him and clawed his fingers into the ropes.

Shouting orders to the crew, he waited, his hands numb with cold, his head spinning with the desperate weight of his responsibility. About him the vicious weather was threatening to send him to the decks below. Before him was the command of taking in the top gallant sheet, that spelled the only hope of saving the ship. Figures on the deck were small objects of fate, moving slowly, like so many worms in a mud puddle. He rested his thoughts only a moment on Jack Stamm and then forced his mind to other things, for the vision of the man who had lied himself into favor brought a surge of anger and weakness over him.

Somehow the sail finally was close-hauled and the ship seemed to ride more easily, yet her greater buoyancy only increased her roll and swayed the spar more radially. Stretching his muscles to the utmost, Bob managed to cling to the ropes while he lifted the captain to his shoulder. An inch at a time, he moved toward the mast.





At last, close to the great fore spar, he set his toe into the cat-walk. As he did so his foot slipped and only by sheer strength and iron will did he retain his hold. He caught his footing again and Halford, now able to use his uninjured arm, eased the burden by holding to the rigging, thus supporting some of his own weight. Cautiously they lowered themselves to the deck. Bob helped Captain Halford toward the companionway, and took him immediately to his own quarters. Stamm was there when the two arrived. He turned, a frightened stare on his face, as they entered. Bob took no notice of Stamm, but led the captain to his hammock. Halford sank back and closed his eyes.

Bob was breathing heavily as we went up onto the deck. The rest of the crew had conquered the roving cannon, but the weather was still bad and there was work to be done. He made his way toward the stern and reported to Mr. Yardley, the third mate, who, with two others, was doing duty at the wheel.

"Captain Halford is safe in my quarters, Sir," Bob said.

Yardley, who had been intent upon his duties, failed to understand. "Then help out on this wheel, Turner," he ordered, thinking that Halford had sent Bob aft.

By the end of the day the storm had abated and Bob was relieved of his duty at the wheel. Warily he went forward over the washed decks, past the battered masts that stood proudly upward into the clouded sky. The cook's cabin was a sorry sight, with broken ports and a battered door and kitchen ware strewn about. He passed them all, scarcely noticing, went at once to his quarters.

The captain was apparently asleep and Stamm had left. When Bob entered, Halford opened his eyes.

"Are you better, Sir?" Bob asked.

The captain slid from the hammock. "Yes, Turner, thanks to your own great show of bravery." The gray eyes smiled, almost kindly.

"Thank you, Sir," Bob said. The captain's eyes grew sharp again.

"Where is Stamm?" he asked. "Call him here at once."

When Stamm arrived his face was a blanched white. He saluted nervously. The gray eyes glittered hard.

"Mr. Turner will immediately take command of the fore top gallant crew," snapped Halford. Stamm swayed a little.

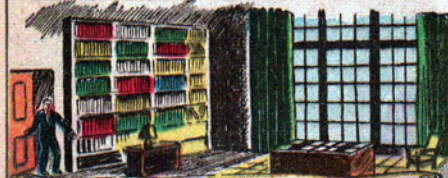
"But, Sir. . . It was an unfortunate accident . . . my hand . . ." he choked

Halford went to Bob's hammock, where he had been lying and brought forth a bloody marlin spike. "With the aid of this, perhaps," he said. "You injured yourself so you wouldn't have to go aloft in the storm. I found this hidden, while you thought I was asleep. And I saw you hide it! You will remain in irons for the rest of the voyage!"

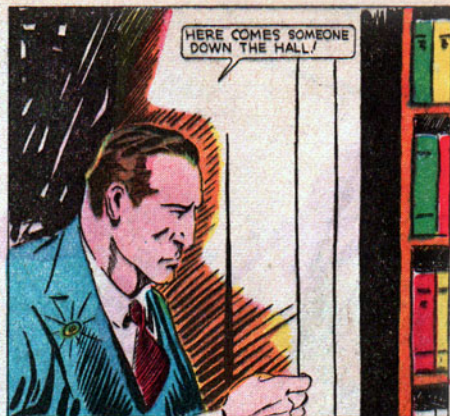
Stamm gasped.

Halford continued: "I have been known to excuse a coward for a weakness that may not be wholly his own fault, but a liar . . . NEVER!"

Jack STRAND



JACK STRAND GOES TO PSYK'S WORLD OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS TO RESCUE DIANA CARLIN, HIS FIANCE, NOW IN PSYK'S POWER. JACK'S ONLY PROTECTION IS A POWERFUL RAY, CONCEALED IN THE STONE OF A PIN



WEARING THE PIN ON THE LAPEL OF HIS COAT, JACK SPRINGS INTO ACTION ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF PLAYING A CRIPPLE

NO, NO!
SAVE ME!

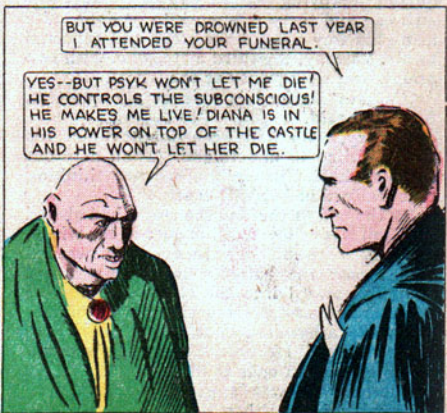


GOSH, HE'S OUT COLD. I'LL MAKE HIM TALK WHEN HE COMES TO!



GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S PETER SMITH, CARLIN'S FORMER SECRETARY

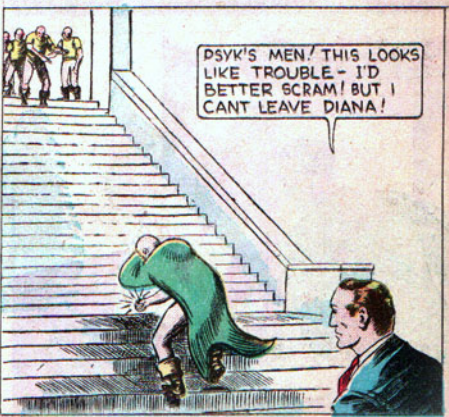
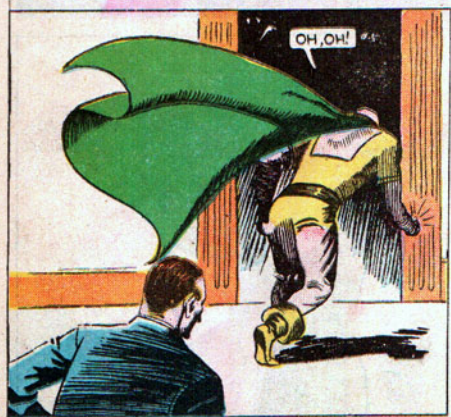
OH-- OH-- YES--
PETER SMITH



BUT YOU WERE DROWNED LAST YEAR
I ATTENDED YOUR FUNERAL.

YES--BUT PSYK WON'T LET ME DIE!
HE CONTROLS THE SUBCONSCIOUS!
HE MAKES ME LIVE! DIANA IS IN
HIS POWER ON TOP OF THE CASTLE
AND HE WON'T LET HER DIE.

THE MAN COMES TO AS JACK TURNS UP THE LIGHT AND JACK MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY



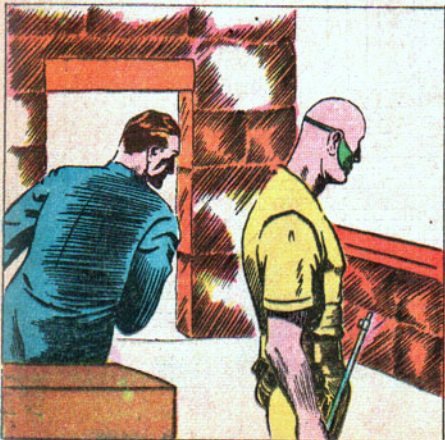
WITH THE PIN IN PSYK'S HANDS,
I'VE GOT A SMALL CHANCE OF
GETTING OUT OF HERE THIS
LOOKS LIKE MY ONLY HOPE.



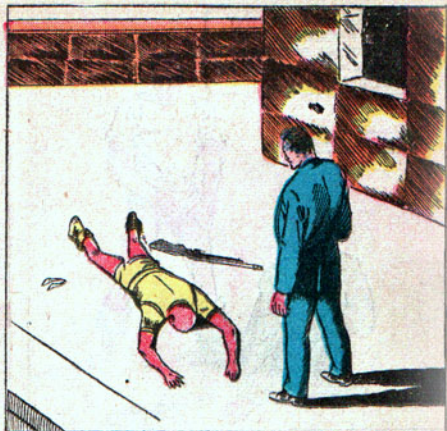
IF I HAD ONLY SOCKED SMITH ON
THE WEAK SPOT COVERED BY THE
SHIELD, HE'D BE DEAD NOW AND
I'D STILL HAVE THE RAYS.



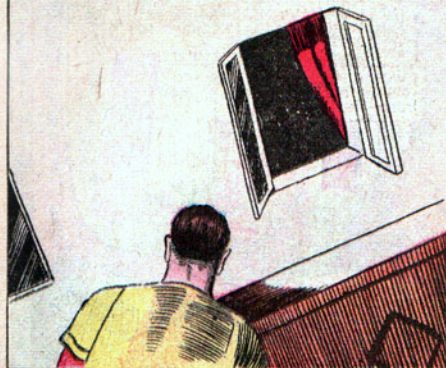
I SHOULDN'T HAVE LISTENED TO
HIM—I'LL KNOW BETTER IN THE
FUTURE—IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS



SILENTLY, JACK ATTACKS THE GUARD, LAND-
ING A BLOW ON THE JAW, THE WEAKEST PART
OF HIS BODY.



DRESSED AS ONE OF PSYK'S GUARDS, JACK
APPROACHES PSYK'S QUARTERS.



THESE RAYS ARE OUR
LAST NEED NOW WE
START TO WORK. THE
UNITED STATES IS THE
MOST LIKELY PLACE TO START.



YOU, DIANA, ARE TO GO WITH PETER SMITH, BACK
TO CIVILIZATION YOU ARE TO TRANSFER MY
WILL TO THE RESIDENT AND TO THE LEADERS
OF HIS PARTY.

AND I'LL GET JACK
STRAND IN MY POWER
BEFORE I LEAVE...

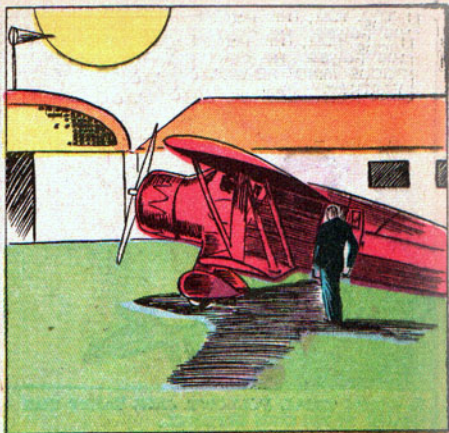
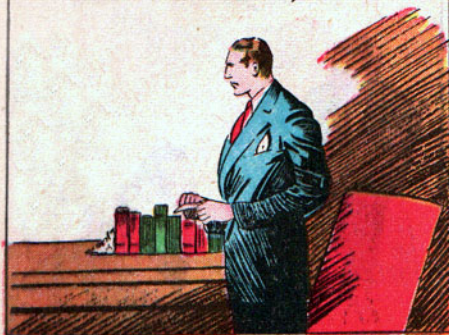


JACK RUSHES TO THE GUARD WHOM HE
CONQUERED





DREAM NOTHING! THE PIN IS GONE!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M ON MY WAY
TO WASHINGTON!



THE NEXT DAY JACK GUARDS THE ENTRANCE
TO THE WHITE HOUSE



I TELL YOU, THIS DEMON HAS DIANA IN HIS POWER! HE CONTROLS THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND! HE WILL OVERPOWER THE EARTH!



A QUICK TRIAL FOLLOWS. JACK TAKES THE STAND IN HIS OWN DEFENSE.

I ACCUSE YOU OF AFFECTING INSANITY IN ORDER TO BEAT THE CHARGE OF MURDER!



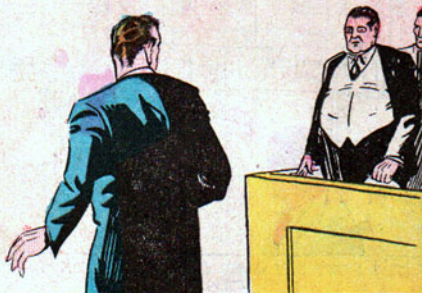
I ALWAYS LOVED PETER SMITH EVERYONE THOUGHT HE WAS DROWNED AND WHEN HE RETURNED, JACK WAS JEALOUS.



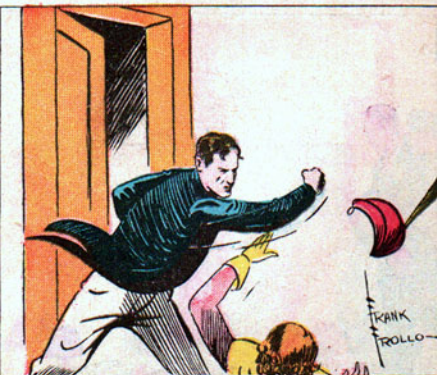
OH, DIANA.

DIANA APPEARS AGAINST JACK FOR THE PROSECUTION.

WE FIND THE PRISONER GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!



JACK IS LED AWAY. DIANA LEERS HATEFULLY. SUDDENLY JACK NOTICES THE SMALL METAL DISK ON HER FOREHEAD. IT LOOKS LIKE A HAT ORNAMENT.



HE KNOCKS THE HAT FROM HER HEAD AND SMASHES A BLOW BETWEEN HER EYES. THE ONE WEAK SPOT WHERE PSYK HAS FORCED THE POWER OF HIS WILL UPON HER (CONTINUED).

THANK
TOLLO

THE LITTLE BLACK BAG



WHAT'S THE OCCASION FOR BRINGING OUT ALL THE HEIRLOOMS, MR. HALL?

IT'S MY SILVER ANNIVERSARY. MY WIFE WANTS TO GET ALL DECKED OUT IN HER JEWELRY FOR THE OCCASION -



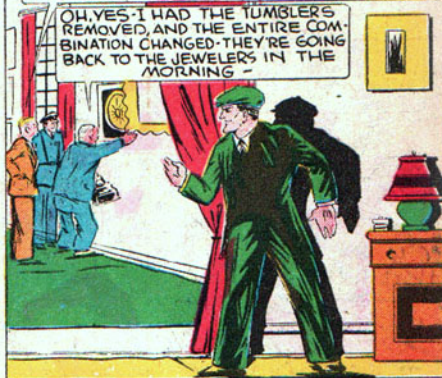
HERE IT IS, MR. HALL DIRECT FROM THE JEWELERS -

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD OF THAT. ALL OUR FAMILY JEWELS ARE IN THAT BAG -



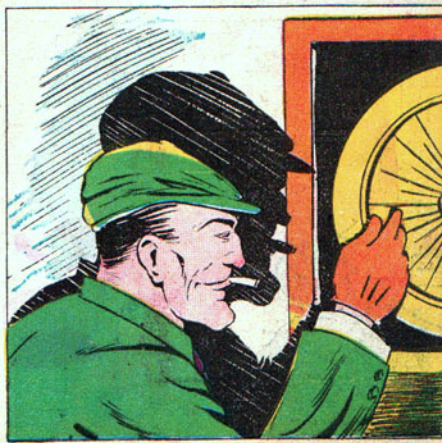
I UNDERSTAND YOUR SAFE HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO LATELY - DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE NOW?

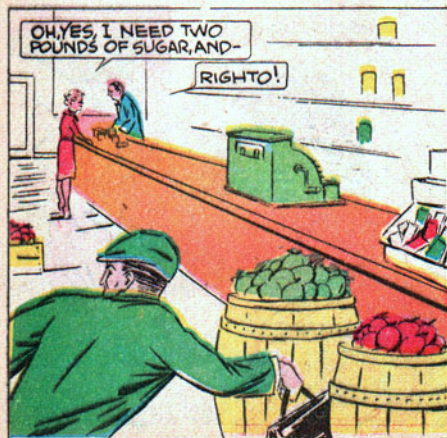
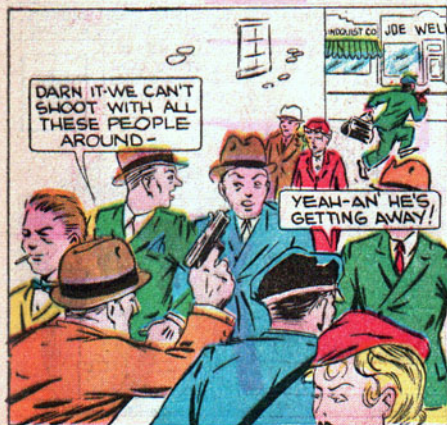
OH, YES - I HAD THE TUMBLERS REMOVED, AND THE ENTIRE COMBINATION CHANGED - THEY'RE GOING BACK TO THE JEWELERS IN THE MORNING -



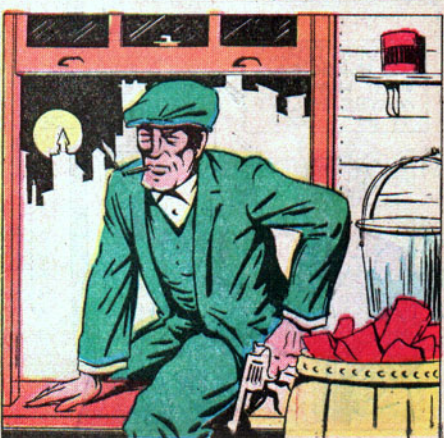
WELL - THAT'S THAT. MR. HALL - WE'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING

OKAY, BOYS. THANKS A LOT -



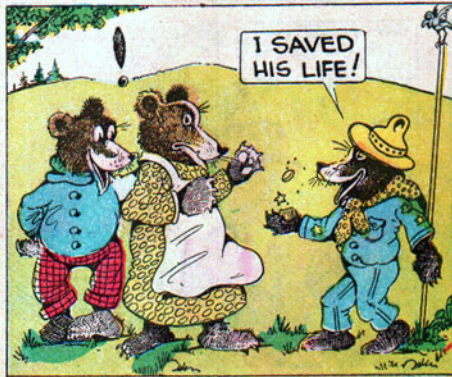
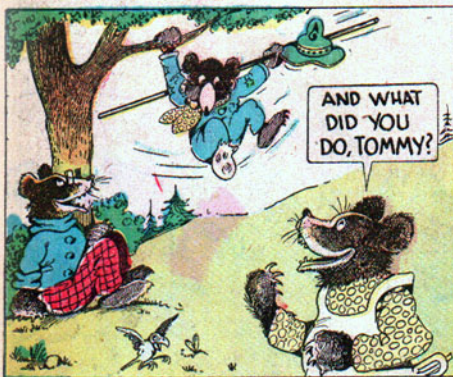
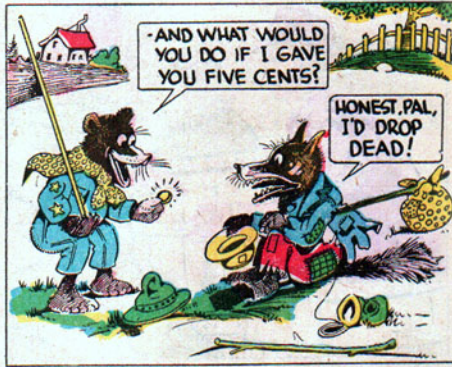
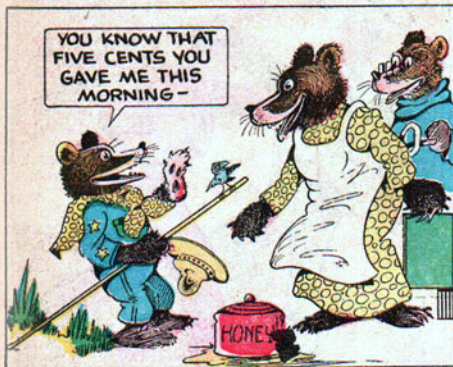
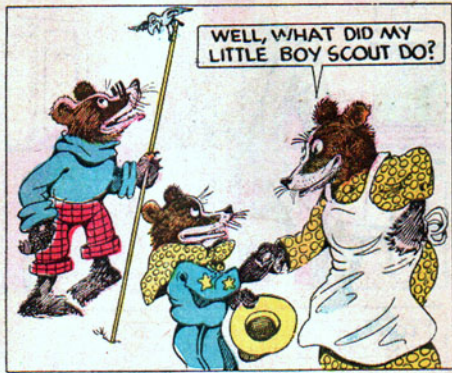




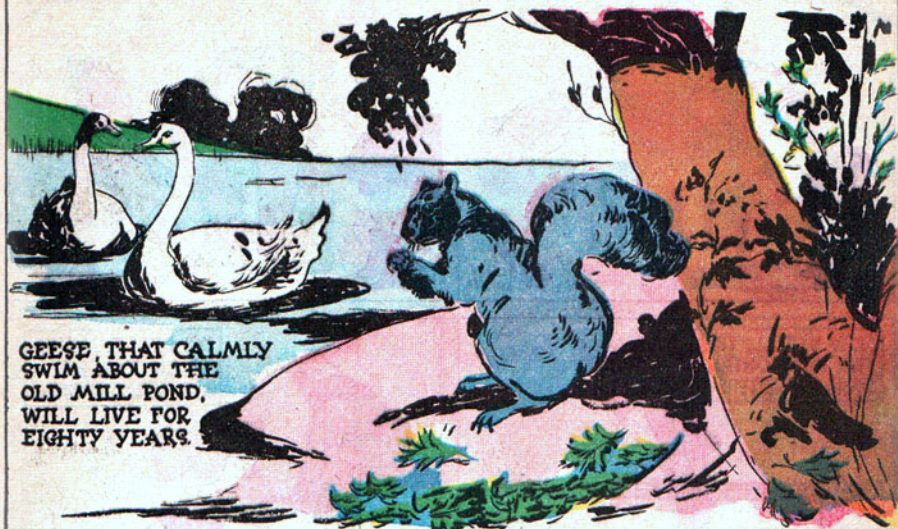




Bear FACTS

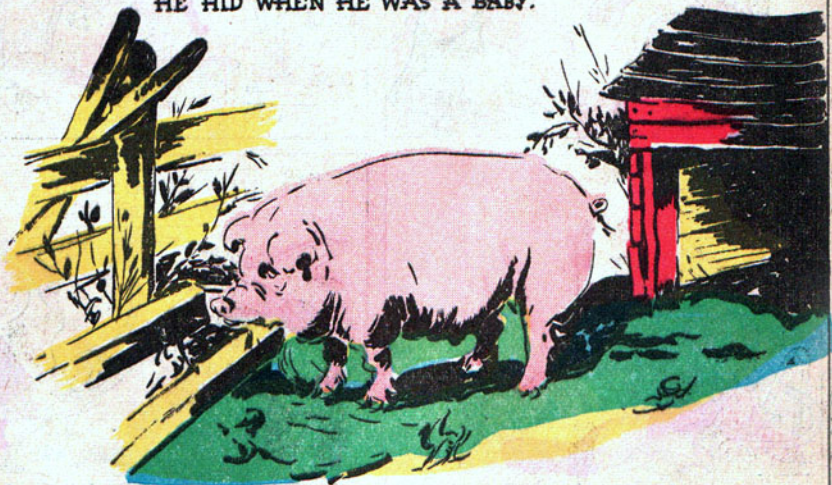


AGE *of* ANIMALS



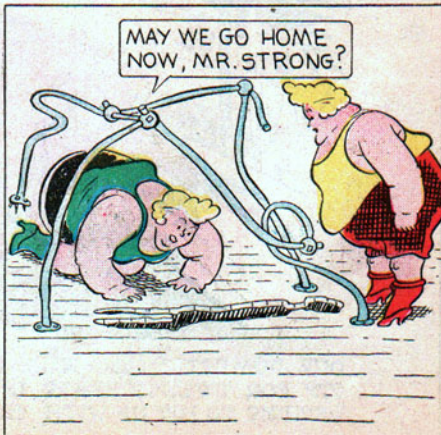
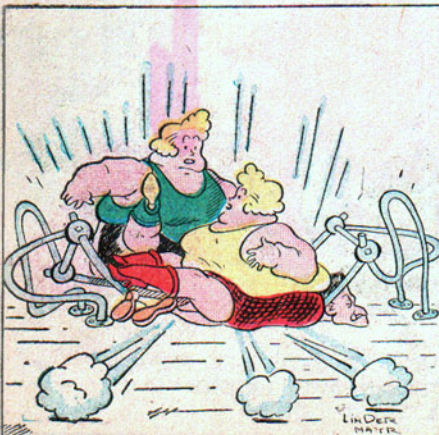
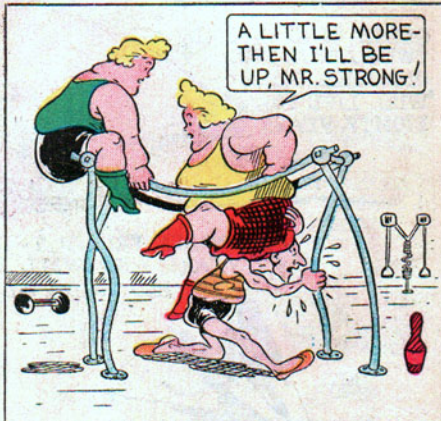
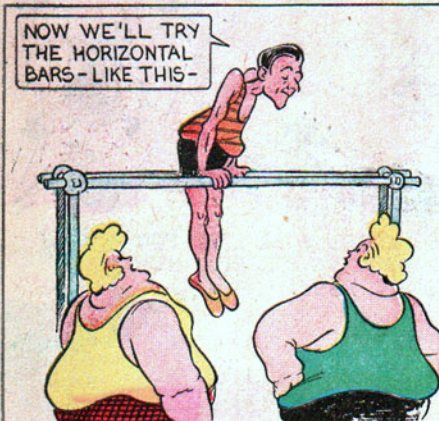
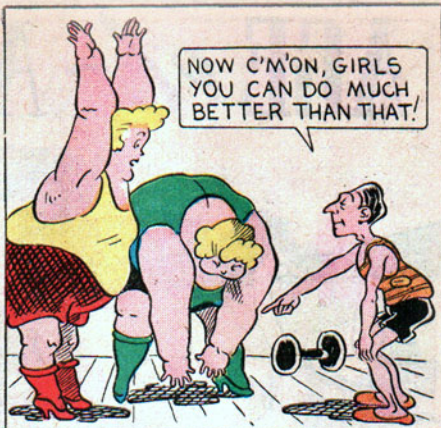
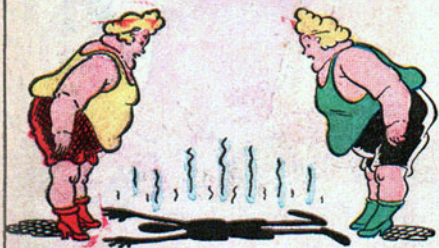
GEESE, THAT CALMLY
SWIM ABOUT THE
OLD MILL POND,
WILL LIVE FOR
EIGHTY YEARS.

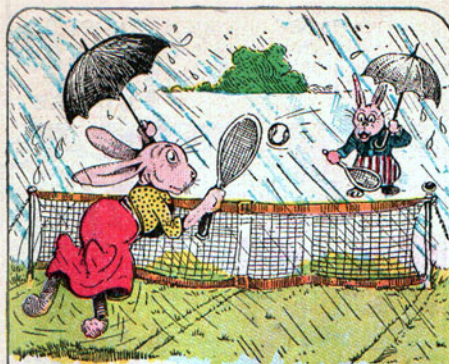
OUR SMALL FRIEND, THE SQUIRREL, WILL LIVE FOR
SIX YEARS, AND WILL REMEMBER WELL THE NUT
HE HID WHEN HE WAS A BABY.



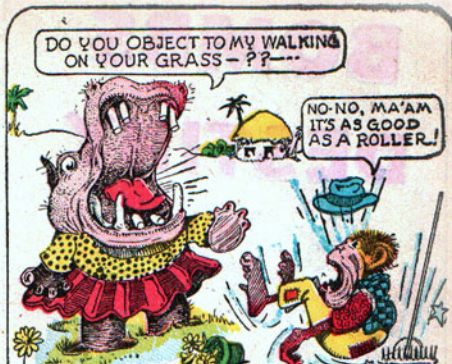
OUR DOMESTIC HOG WILL LIVE AND GRUNT IN HIS
STY FOR TWENTY YEARS, IF OUR FARMER FRIEND
DECIDES TO PUT UP WITH HIM THAT LONG.

Dumb Bell SISTERS

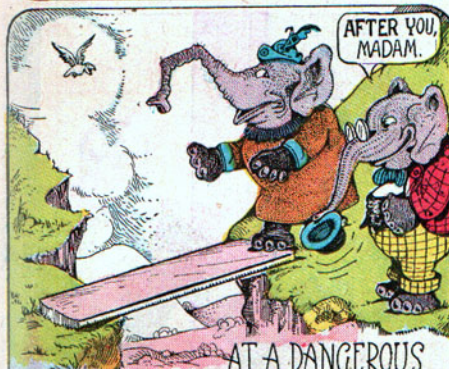




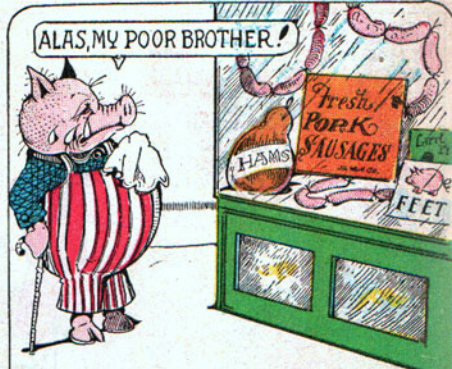
ENTHUSIASM IS THE FOUNDATION OF SUCCESS



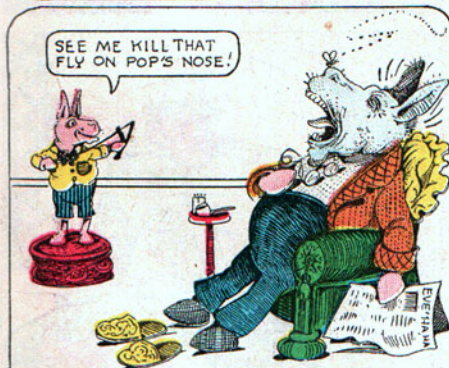
GENTLE WORDS SOOTHE WRATH



AT A DANGEROUS PASSAGE, GIVE THE PRECEDENCE



THE LAW OF LIFE IS THE LAW OF CHANCE



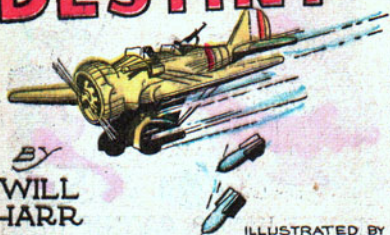
EVIL IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

BOMBS or DESTINY

BY
WILL
HARR



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDNEER

WHEN WE GET THROUGH
BOMBING THE REBELS TO-
DAY, I THINK THE
NAZILIAN REVOLUTION
WILL BE OVER !

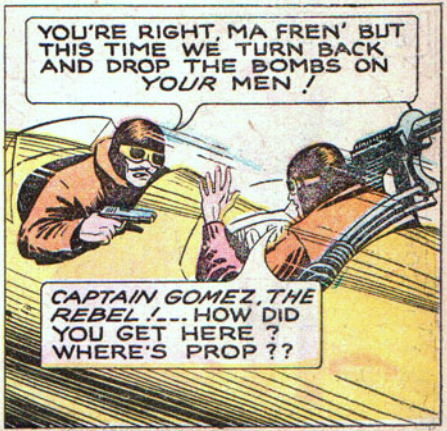
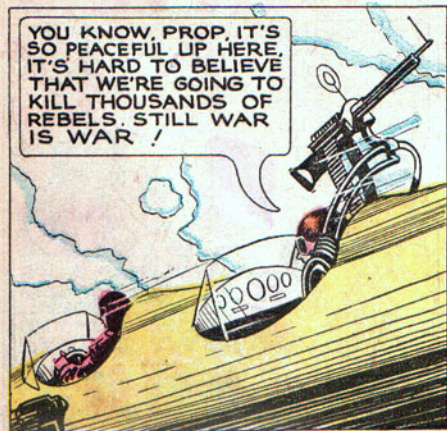
I HOPE SO..
I'M ANXIOUS
TO GET BACK
TO THE
STATES !

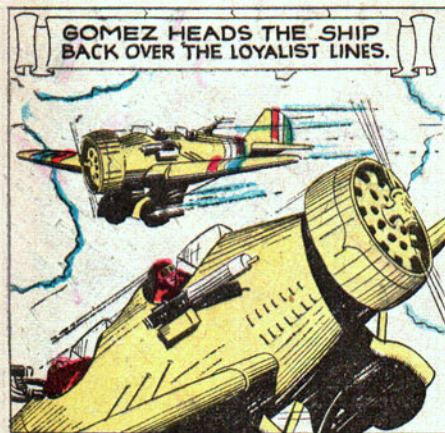


DURN IT /...I FERGOT MY LUCKY
CHARM / I'M GOIN' BACK AND GET
IT OR I'LL BE ALL OUT OF SORTS.

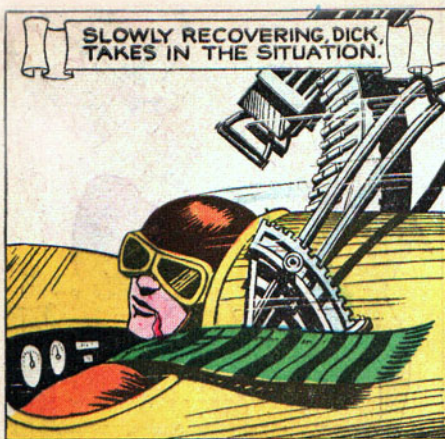
OKAY, PROP
I'LL MEET
YOU AT THE
PLANE !



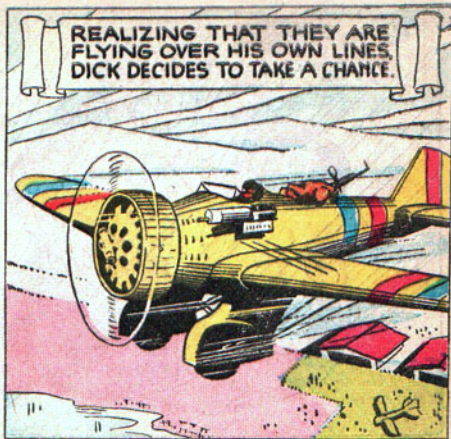




**SLOWLY RECOVERING, DICK,
TAKES IN THE SITUATION.**



**REALIZING THAT THEY ARE
FLYING OVER HIS OWN LINES,
DICK DECIDES TO TAKE A CHANCE.**



**HE RELEASES THE BOMBS
HOPING THEY WILL FALL INTO
THE LAKE.**



**DICK'S AIM WAS PERFECT.
THE BOMBS FELL HARMLESSLY
INTO THE WATER.**



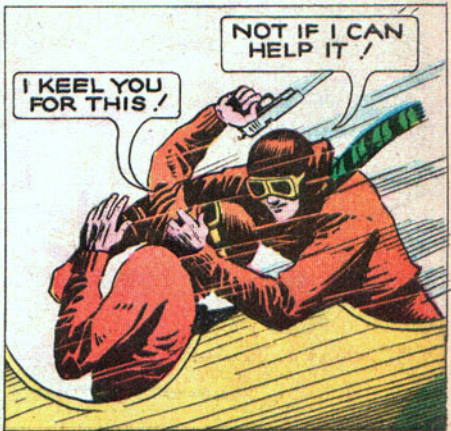
**EITHER THAT GUY'S
GOT A BUM AIM, OR
DICK'S IN CONTROL
AGAIN !**

**OUR MEN ARE
SAVED ! I WILL
SEE THAT BURTON
GETS A CITATION
FOR THIS !**



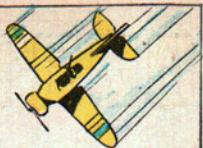
**NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT !**

**I KEEL YOU
FOR THIS !**





LOOK ! SOME-
THING'S HAP-
PENING UP
THERE !



AND HOW ! THE PLANE'S
IN A SPIN--- GO GET
'EM DICK !!

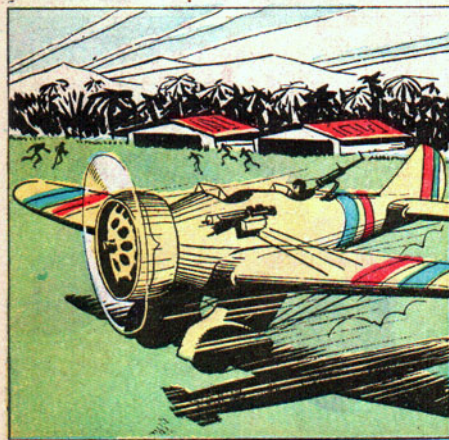


UG-DON'T
LET ME
FALL----
GLUG---- I
HAVE NO
PARACHUTE!

YOU WON'T NEED
A PARACHUTE
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING, GOMEZ !



DICK GETS BACK TO THE
CONTROLS JUST IN TIME TO
STRAIGHTEN OUT THE PLANE.



BOY, WHAT A BATTLE
THAT WAS, DICK !
I SURE WISH I WUZ
UP THERE WITH YOU !

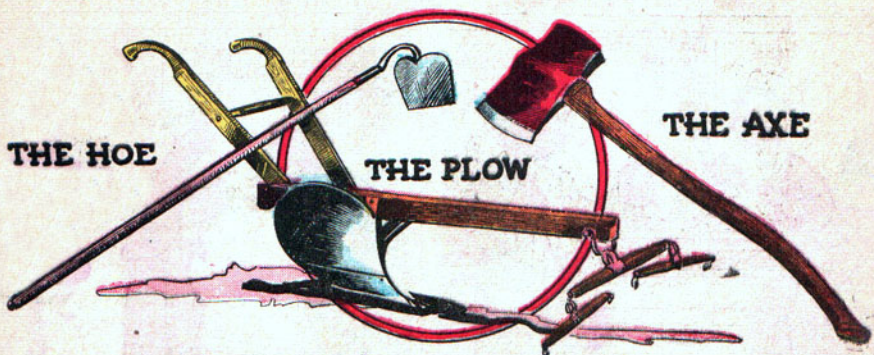
HUH ! SO
DO I !!

HURRAH ! BURTON

'RAY
FOR
BURTON

FRED
SHAWNEER

OUR PIONEER FATHERS

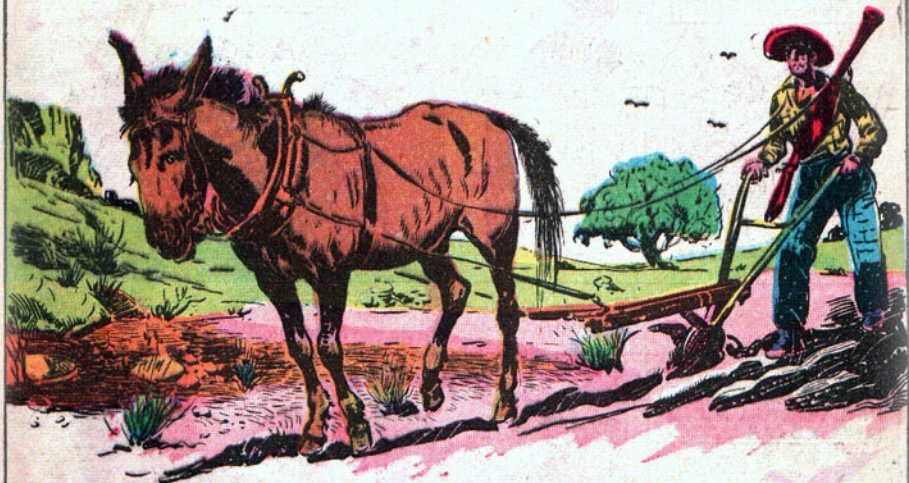


THE HOE

THE PLOW

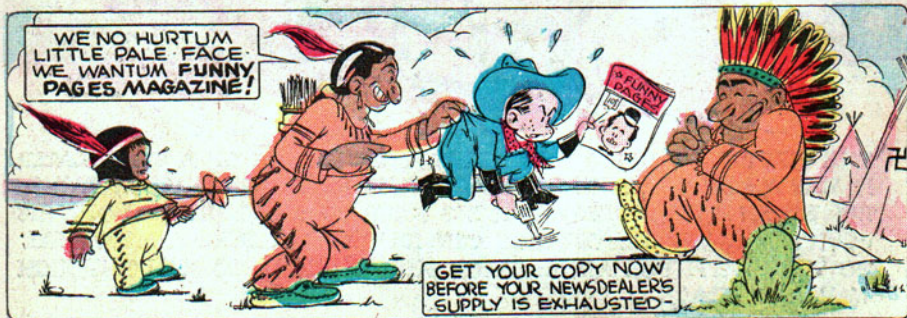
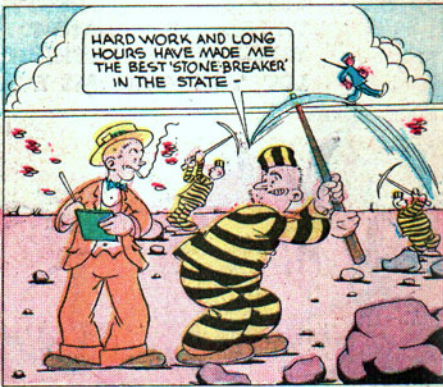
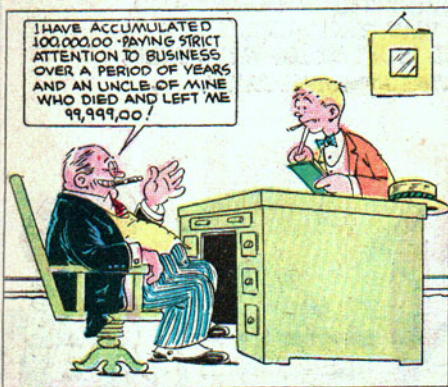
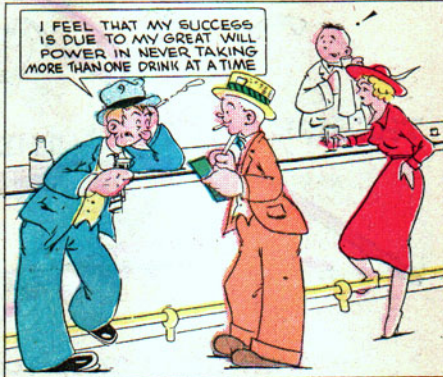
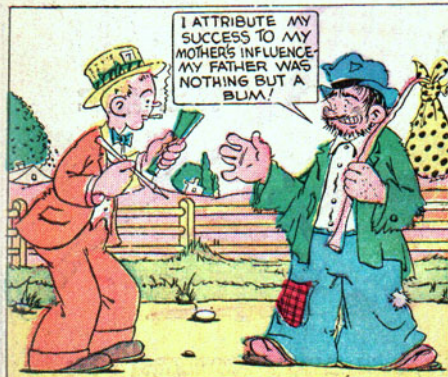
THE AXE

WITH THESE CRUDE TOOLS, THE EARLY SETTLERS CLEARED THE FORESTS, BUILT THEIR HOMES AND TILLED THEIR LANDS. IT WAS BACK-BREAKING WORK, BUT HARDSHIP AND SUFFERING WERE THEIR LOT. THE PLOW WAS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT.

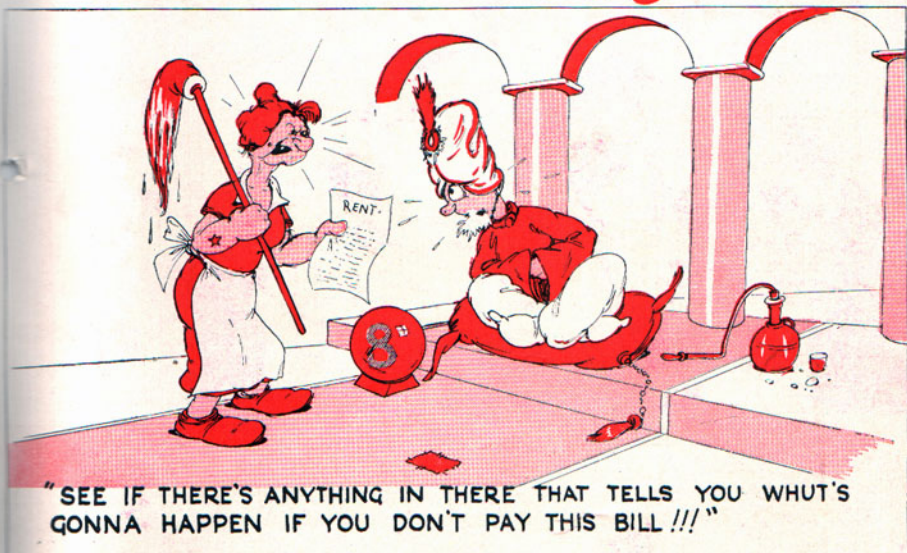


THE FIRST PLOW WAS JUST A SHARPENED BOUGH OF A TREE. LATER IT WAS MADE OF STEEL, AFTER WHICH REAL PROGRESS IN FARMING BEGAN. THE MULE WAS A BIG HELP TO THE BUILDERS OF THIS COUNTRY. MANY STATES ARE CONSIDERING BUILDING A MEMORIAL TO THIS FAITHFUL ANIMAL FOR HIS SERVICES TO MAN THROUGH WAR AND PEACE.

Our Nosey Reporter



What a Life



BIG PRIZES

BOYS, 12 to 16, you'll know what a *real* thrill is when you flash down the street on this deluxe Silver King bicycle. Streamlined aluminum alloy frame, 20% lighter than most bikes. Running gears chromium plated. Balloon tires give you a "floating" ride.... Oh, boy! Earn this bike and any of 300 other prizes, including almost anything from a marble to a typewriter. Make **MONEY**, too. It's easy. Just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Do it in spare time. Many boys earn their first prize in a few hours. Mail the coupon **NOW** and we'll start you. Don't delay.

Mail This Coupon Now!

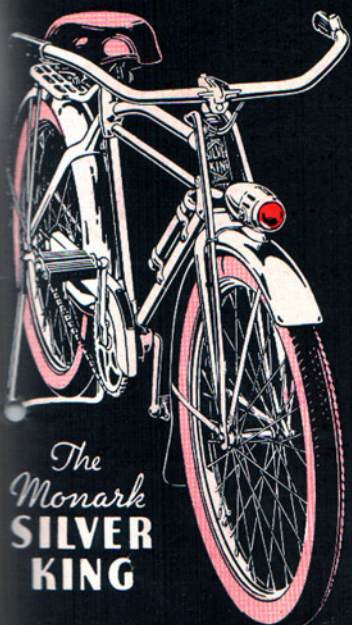
Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 735
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning **MONEY** and **PRIZES** at once.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Hurry! Mail This Coupon Right Away →

GREATEST BARGAIN IN TEN YEARS

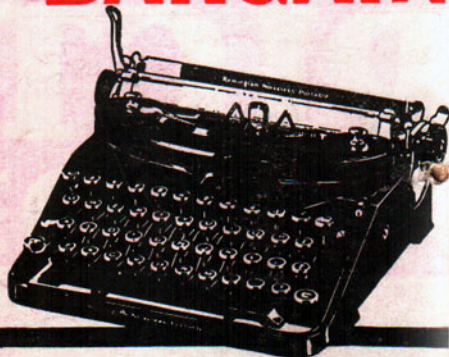
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10-DAY FREE TRIAL. Now for the first time in history you can own a real Remington NOISELESS Portable for only 10¢ a day or \$3 a month. Think of it! The finest Remington Portable ever built at the lowest terms we have ever offered. Every attachment needed for complete writing equipment—PLUS THE FAMOUS NOISELESS FEATURE. Brand new. Not rebuilt. Send coupon today.

WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES. You don't risk a penny. We send this Remington Noiseless Portable direct from factory to you with TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are not satisfied, send it back.

FREE → TYPING COURSE

With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, young or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.



**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

FACTORY TO YOU

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper... that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet, a superb performance literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifold and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments.

SPECIFICATIONS. Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller

type. Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. All the modern features plus NOISELESS operation.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form... helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.



A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or Graduation... one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a new Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.



FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 333-9
315 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE typing course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Mail Now!

Funny Picture Stories

V2:11

Nov. 1938

CHUCKS		
ALL IN FUN	Schwab*	1
ROUGH HOUSE ANNIE ..	BOB WOOD*	1
JACK STRAND	FROLLO*	7
WILBUR	Schwab°	1
PHONY CRIMES	GUSTAVSON°	4
OTTO CRAFF	MARTIN FILCHOCK*	1
FURY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION	MAURICE KASHUBA°	3
LITTLE NEMO	WINSOR MCCAY Jr.*	1

BY HANS LAWRENCE SPINAK

RISE OF BLACK MARIA	GILLISON*	4
CENTASPREED	DICK RYAN*	2
SPORTS TEST	GILLISON*	2
SWEET REVENGE	RYAN*	4
THOSE DIZZY DWARFS	HARRY LEWIS*	1
FADEAWAY FAIR	JRB*	6
	JACK BINDER°	
FOOTBALL	CHAS. P. NILAN*	1
HOW TO DRAW	CHUCK THUNDER*	2
JOE DOKES	Schwab°	1
THE BIG RACE	MAURICE KASHUBA*	6

I truly think he's KNOPF at ACS 1

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Visit them, support them, and contribute to the JVJ Postage Fund, which enables the ongoing efforts to bring Public Domain treasures such as this to the public eye.

Edited, compiled and posted by builderboy.